

B'NAI BRITH MAGAZINE



Volume XLII, No. 1 October, 1927

What of the American Synagogue?

By Samuel S. Cohon

Midnight Prayer

By Rufus Lears

Summer

By Max Robin

Magnes of Mt. Scopus



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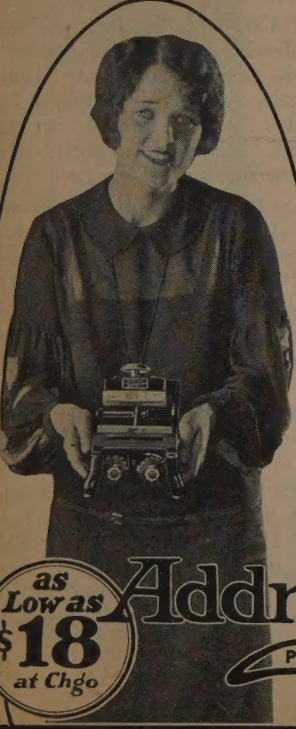
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Among Our Contributors

❑ DR. ISRAEL AUERBACH, Berlin correspondent of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, is well known to our readers for his versatility. He writes with authority on social, political, literary and artistic subjects.

❑ MAX ROBIN is the author of numerous short stories and character sketches which have appeared in various Jewish and general publications. One of his stories was reprinted in one of Edward J. O'Brien's annual collections of best short stories.

❑ ZELDA F. POPKIN is writing, exclusively for the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, a series of articles on the Jews and the American theatre. She has published in various magazines monographs on changing phases of American life.

❑ DR. A. A. ROBACK is widely known for his writings and translations in the field of Psychology and related subjects. He is a frequent contributor to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

❑ SAMUEL S. COHON is one of the contributing editors of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. He is professor of theology at the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, and was formerly the rabbi of Temple Mizpah, Chicago. Professor Cohon is an authority on American Judaism and has written a number of articles on its leaders and tendencies.

In Our Portfolio

❑ AMONG THE ARTICLES in our portfolio awaiting publication are some fascinating studies of personalities and discussions of trends in Jewish life.

❑ NINETY JEWISH students and graduates from the various universities of Great Britain gathered together in a summer school. George J. Webber describes it in an article, entitled: "A University Jewish Summer School in England."

❑ MARK CHAGALL is outstanding among Jewish artists of today. In a pen portrait of him, Isaac Liechtenstein says: "Lithuania is his heart . . . and France is his work room. His work, though thoroughly Jewish, is a bit exotic."

❑ HAROLD BERMAN writes again on a historical subject. This time it is: "The First Public Burning of the Talmud."

❑ "GHETTO JUDAISM, for the most part, is negative Judaism outside the ghetto walls," says George J. Saylin in his article on Jewish education. He essays to distinguish between truth and mere platitude in his analysis of the subject.

❑ IN 1889 Prince Albert of Monaco took for a wife Alice Marie Heine, a cousin of Heinrich Heine, the great

lyric poet. C. L. Dentler gives an account of this romantic marriage and what transpired thereafter in his article, "When Europe Had a Jewish Princess."

Jewish Calendar 5688

1927

Rosh Hashonah.....	Tues., Sept. 27
Fast of Gedalia.....	Wed., Sept. 28
Yom Kippur.....	Thurs., Sept. 29
Succoth.....	Thurs., Oct. 6
	Tues., Oct. 11
	Wed., Oct. 12
Hoshana Rabba.....	Mon., Oct. 17
Shemini Azereth.....	Tues., Oct. 18
Simchas Torah.....	Wed., Oct. 19
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan.....	Thurs., Oct. 27
Rosh Chodesh Kislev.....	Fri., Nov. 25
First Day of Chanukah.....	Mon., Dec. 19
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth.....	Sun., Dec. 25

1928

Fast of Tebeth.....	Tues., Jan. 3
Rosh Chodesh Shevat.....	Mon., Jan. 23
*Rosh Chodesh Adar.....	Wed., Feb. 22
Fast of Esther.....	Mon., Mar. 5
Purim.....	Tues., Mar. 6
Rosh Chodesh Nissan.....	Thurs., Mar. 22
First Day of Pessach.....	Thurs., Apr. 5
Eighth Day of Pessach.....	Thurs., Apr. 12
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar.....	Sat., Apr. 21
Lag B'Omer.....	Tues., May 8
Rosh Chodesh Sivan.....	Sun., May 20
Shavuoth.....	Fri., May 25
	Sat., May 26
*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz.....	Tues., June 19
Fast of Tammuz.....	Thurs., July 5
Rosh Chodesh Ab.....	Wed., July 18
Tisho B'ov.....	Thurs., July 26
*Rosh Chodesh Elul.....	Fri., Aug. 17

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

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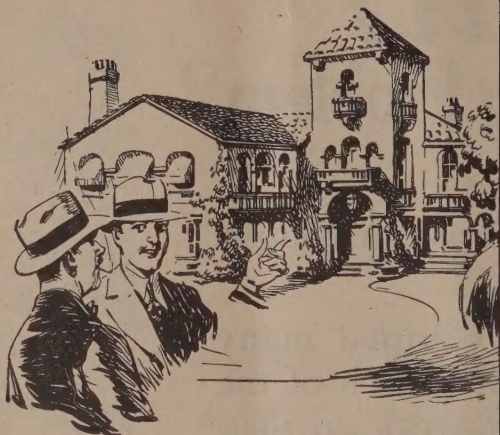
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THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XLII

OCTOBER, 1927

NUMBER 1

Editorial Comment

About the New Temples in Israel

THE Jewish news of the day is filled with reports of resplendent temples and synagogues arising everywhere in the land.

We read of a new synagogue in Kansas City, Mo., costing \$400,000 and of a new one in Cincinnati costing \$425,000. A new temple to cost \$700,000 is about to be erected in Hartford, Conn., and in that city there has just been completed a synagogue that cost \$400,000 to build. A new \$250,000 synagogue is to be erected in Astoria, N. Y., and in Brooklyn one to cost \$125,000 is about to arise.

* * *

For the most part these edifices are the work of the hands of immigrants who came here within the past twenty or twenty-five years, established here a new life, prospered and now are making these contributions of beauty to their cities.

Here stands a columned edifice after the art of the Greeks; there a Byzantine structure. And yesterday or the day before they who built them were strangers in the community, walking with packs on their backs; aliens seeming more than oceans apart from the life of the city.

* * *

And now they come to the communities of their adoption with these wondrous gifts, increasing the beauty of their cities, in many instances offering art of original conception.

So that one may see in these structures that which is to the glory of man as well as to the glory of God.

But even more profound is the Jewish significance of these houses of worship. They are seen arising at a time when pessimism likes to speak of "dying Judaism."

Judaism, it is said, is suffering from anemia. Judaism is at death's door and all the doctors sit about pondering what to do to save it.

* * *

But in the new synagogues is seen the vitality of Judaism. The patient may be ill but he is fortified by great resources of life. His heart is strong; his hand is willing.

To be sure, a synagogue is only the body of Judaism and a body may be dead as well as living; and a synagogue or a temple may be only a sepulchre. But when we see the love that conceives these fine structures, and the energies that cause them to be built, and the generousities that pay for them, and the fine pride that rejoices in them, we are certain of the living spirit in American Jewry.

The patient may be sick but he is eager to live. Dying men do not build mansions; their thoughts are on mausoleums. These new synagogues are built for immortal life. Their builders build for the coming generations, and always in the rear of the sacred edifice there is a community house for the young.

Here the children shall receive the spirit with which to keep the synagogue a living thing when their fathers have passed.

Certainly Judaism is not fatally ill when it is preparing to live in the generations to come.

* * *

But how may we be sure that the children will accept the inheritance that is being prepared for them? How may we know that these bodies of Judaism that we call synagogues will have living spirits fifty years hence? How may we be certain that they will not be mausoleums?

To the rational new generations Judaism must be presented not merely as a system of religious practices but as a righteous way of life. It must be taught as a practical mode of conduct even in this most complex of worlds.

Its traditions must be handed down not for themselves alone but as historic guide-posts by which the young may see the majestic roads their forefathers trod.

* * *

The history of the Jew must be presented not as a series of facts and dates but as an everlasting drama in which today's child is an actor of whom it is required to play his part well.

The symbolism of Judaism must be seen as the beautiful pageantry of this drama and their meanings always made clear.

In these ways, we believe, the spirit of Judaism can be made to live in the generations to be to the end that these new synagogues may never become magnificent sepulchres.

* * *

And, as we observe, there is no lack of vision in Jewry. In Reform and Orthodox schools, alike changes are perceptible in teaching methods. On the Reform side there is seen a tendency to make Jewish instruction more than a one-day-a-week enterprise. On the Orthodox side there is observed a great broadening of method by which Judaism is rationalized.

Thruout Jewry, in the new synagogues, in the reviving Jewish schools, there pulses that which has kept the Jew alive in the many valleys of the shadow into which he has been made to descend—The Will to Live.

Spirit of European Brethren Enthralls the President

THE rare privilege was mine in the last three months of visiting my brethren in many European countries. My first sojourn was in England where, in June, I had the honor of installing District Grand Lodge No. 15, embracing the lodges in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Delegates from all the constituent Lodges in the territory, assembled in London, to assume the responsibilities and accept the prerogatives of the organization about to be formed, and they entered into the spirit of the occasion with enthusiasm. Nor were the delegates themselves the only participants. They were joined by representatives from several continental districts sent for the purpose of showing the interest of the elder members of the family in their new born sister and of wishing the infant Godspeed. And London Jewry, besides in the persons of the delegates of that city, was splendidly represented by other B'nai B'rith and members of the Women's auxiliaries. Notable among those who took an active part in the discussions were a number of Rabbis who thus showed their interest in the Order—a manifestation of their conviction that it plays a worth-while part in Jewish life.

Membership in the lodges of Great Britain is limited to those who have been active in civic affairs or in Jewish Social Service, or both. It is scarcely necessary to add, that under these circumstances, the standard of membership is very high. One only needs to meet these brethren to realize their standing, and my tour through many lands brought me face to face with similar conditions elsewhere. I was told by my beloved predecessor, Brother Adolf Kraus, who preceded me over much the same territory many years ago, that fine as I believed the Order to be from my experience with the lodges in the United States, and proud as I have been of the honor of being its President, my opinion of the Order and my estimate of the dignity of its highest office, would alike be infinitely exalted after a visit to our European lodges. Brother Kraus was correct. Everywhere I found our brethren to be of the highest type of citizenship. Membership with them is not perfunctory. Their meetings are functions looked forward to with anxious concern. Lodges in a number of cities on the continent have homes of their own favorably comparable with club houses in the United States. Mention of that at Berlin, I am sure, will not be regarded as an invidious distinction.

And as is the membership so is the work they do. No branch of philanthropy is neglected. Every human want is ministered to. The orphan and the aged; the sick and the infirm; every form of distress and frailty is provided for efficiently and wholeheartedly. Particular emphasis should be placed on the last word. I visited no home for those cared for, that was not receiving the personal attention of fine-spirited men and women.

In every Sabbath service which I attended, regardless of the land in which it was held, the B'nai B'rith, in greater or less extent, was the subject of the Rabbi's discourse. I remember most vividly a reference to me by a Rabbi in his charge to a Bar Mitzvah lad, in which he told him that he was assuming the re-

sponsibilities of his faith, in the presence of the head of the largest Jewish congregation in the world. As President of the B'nai B'rith I was welcomed by many state and city officials of high rank. Chancellor Marx received me by appointment in his private home—the residence of each succeeding Chancellor beginning with Bismarck. Doctor Marx entrusted me with a message of good will of Germany to the United States. He showed thorough familiarity with our Order in Germany and expressed his admiration for the Jewish people generally.

I was introduced to innumerable summer camps conducted by B'nai B'rith lodges, where young boys and girls are afforded healthful recreation, and at all of them sisters of auxiliary lodges were in control.

In Germany I visited homes provided for widows of members of the Order, left in good circumstances by their husbands, but who through the wiping out of government securities in which their all was invested, became impoverished. Nothing is sadder than the spectacle of self-respecting, affluent women reduced, through no fault of their own, to a condition of dependency. Our German brethren have proven equal to the task of relieving such situations with love, delicacy and tact. And of course the sisters in the Auxiliaries are always relied on to do the fine things for which their sex is distinguished.

Important as are these works in the field of philanthropy they constitute only one branch of activity of the lodges.

Where anti-Semitism shows its ugly front, it is dealt with judiciously and intelligently.

Cultural programs engage the attention of lodges everywhere.

The flag of the nation always occupies a place in the lodge room. Patriotism and loyalty to country are favorite subjects of addresses.

My tour took me to many lands. Naturally the peoples of those lands differ in many respects as do their forms of government and their languages, but I found the members of the B'nai B'rith everywhere zealously actuated by the same motives. Our Order everywhere is fulfilling its primary purpose—uniting Israelites. It is uniting them so that they may serve in humanity's cause. Uniting them in a realization that accident of birth in no wise affects the man. Uniting them so that they may know that the sins of one are visited on all. Uniting them in an understanding that the Jew's survival, notwithstanding that for thousands of years he has had no national home, nor army or navy, is not by mere chance, but is witness to his sacred appointment, as a kingdom of priests and a holy people, to be a pattern—a light unto the nations, bringing them, through righteousness, to knowledge of the common Fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man.

My trip was a delight to me throughout, and I am inexpressibly grateful to my brethren and sisters across the sea for making it so.

ALFRED M. COHEN,

President Independent Order B'nai B'rith.
Cincinnati, October, 1927.

On the Matter of Giving and Living

WHEN the Grand President of the Order, Alfred M. Cohen, returned from Europe last month, the Jews of Cincinnati tendered him a testimonial dinner. In his address Mr. Cohen led his hosts back to the countries he had visited.

He took occasion to compare the generosity of American Jews with the more meager giving of Jews in certain sections of Europe.

"They do not know how to give," he said of them, but one of the daily newspapers reported that he had said "they do not know how to live."

But though typographically the error was grievous, philosophically it was not. Life is a tree and each branch must support the fruit thereof and each must contribute to its beauty and fragrance. The branch that does not give fruit falls from the tree. It is dead.

Living is giving whether of money or of devotion, and the fullness of life is not in the pocketbook.

• • •

A Lesson From Indiana and Poland

FAR apart as they are, there appears to be no kinship between the State of Indiana and the Republic of Poland. But recent developments in both political subdivisions indicate that greed and graft make the same manifestations in Indiana and in Poland.

In Indiana, the Ku Klux Klan, masquerading as an organization devoted to certain national ideals, which it comprehended in the term "100 per cent Americanism," is seen bartering for political spoils for its members in exchange for its political support.

In Poland there is a similar organization, the Rozwoj, dedicated to a 100 per cent Poland for Polish merchants only. Jewish merchants were to be driven out of the land. The Rozwoj organized a bank for Polish merchants from whose deposits was to be created a fund for the patriotic purpose of destroying Jewish business.

Now it has been discovered that the 100 per cent Polish merchants were duped, the management of the bank having misused their money and having issued false statements and falsified their books to cover up their crookedness. The Polish government has closed the bank.

In Indiana, Poland and everywhere else, anti-Semitism carries in its body the poison of its own destruction.

• • •

The Sign of the Lilac Bush

WE have read much of the success of the Jewish farm colonies in Southern Russia and of the goodness of their crops and of the contentment of their life.

But even more satisfying is a line on James N. Rosenberg's book, "On the Steppes," a record of his impressions after a visit to these colonies. Of one of them he writes: "Fruit trees have been planted along each side of the road, as well as young evergreens, cherry and apple trees, lilacs, etc. They are interested in the aesthetics of life."

To our mind the lilac bush and the evergreen are more significant even than the good crops. They are the signs of permanency, of a love for the new place, of a new phase in which the Jewish farmer, having seen that he can make a living, looks about to find ways to make for himself a more comfortable and more beautiful life.

Concerning a Certain Case in Court

WHEN Abraham Waxman of Philadelphia died he left an unpaid pledge of \$100 to the Zionist national fund. The executors of his estate refused to pay the claim for two reasons:

1. Abraham Waxman had not signed the pledge-card himself.

2. The pledge card was not legally binding because it did not set forth that the pledge was made "in consideration of the pledges made by others."

The Judge of the Orphans Court of Philadelphia ruled the executors must pay the amount pledged. Though the card was signed by his bookkeeper, the judge said that the signing must be considered Mr. Waxman's act since it was done at his behest.

As to the second contention, the judge said that Mr. Waxman must have known that the rebuilding of Palestine could not be carried into effect merely with his contribution of \$100, without the aid of other subscriptions.

It is our opinion, moreover, that such pledges possess a sanctity quite apart from obligations in law. They are compacts which men make to society to perform certain social duties. They are notes for social debts and it is good to observe that they are legally collectible when the signer or his executors do not feel a moral obligation to pay.

• • •

The Next Step in the J. D. C. Program

NOW the Jews of Eastern Europe have been fed and their lives preserved.

Now it is asked: How may their lives be made gainful? How may they be reconstructed so that they may help themselves? How may they be placed permanently beyond such dire need as that from which they have just been rescued?

These questions are to be discussed at a Constructive Relief Conference of the United Jewish Campaign in Chicago, October 22 and 23. To this conference widely known authorities in the fields of economics and social service will bring information recently gathered on the European scene.

• • •

The Life and Works of Marcus Loew

THE late Marcus Loew was one of that amazing group of New York men who from the humblest beginnings rose to kingly prominence and great wealth in the motion picture industry. Though he was in business for profit, his enterprise, nevertheless, served a considerable social purpose in that it provided wholesome recreation cheaply for the people.

Of Marcus Loew it may be said that he never sought to profit by exploiting that which is unclean nor was his fortune gained by the beneficent assistance of special privileges, or by the exploitation of labor or the public. However, it would have been a fitting conclusion to his career to have left something for philanthropic purposes. His estate is valued at \$25,000,000. He left nothing to public benefactions.

The Question of Mr. Youngerman

YOUNG Mr. Youngerman of Wisconsin B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation was the author of an essay "What the Synagogue Needs to Increase its Appeal to the Multitude."

For our part we answer:

We envisage a strong man. Not necessarily is he a rabbi. He is of the people and speaks their language. In him is the fire of the prophets with which he knows how to kindle the spirit of the Jew and he gives forth a light by which the Jew sees the grandeur of his inheritance. He goes from city to city and everywhere many follow him, having received a portion of his spirit.

We think of such a man as David Brown who went about the country and gathered around him numbers of men for a labor of love and caused the Jewry of America to give millions for the Jews of Eastern Europe. This leader of our imagination stirs up in the millions their love for their inheritance as Brown stirred them up to feel the anguish of their distant brethren.

He has behind him a vast organization with branches in every city and everywhere there are drives in which no one gives anything but opens his heart only to receive his portion of the spirit of Judaism. And everywhere young men arise to be captains in their neighborhoods in order that the message of our ideals may be carried to every home. So that there spring up from among the people in every city, forces of leadership for Judaism.

A drive for Judaism! Is not this what the synagogue needs? We present the suggestion to all who may be concerned.

* * *

The Rabbi's Voice on the Air

URVA PORAH, in this issue, has attempted to dramatize the clash of our material age with the spiritual, personifying the material in jazz and the spiritual of the rabbi broadcast by radio.

However, he may be presuming too much when he pictures the voice of the rabbi turned out of every Jewish house. Perhaps our readers can confound him with a flood of letters which shall show that in many Jewish homes children do sit patiently before the loud-speaker listening to the rabbi and never demand jazz instead.

* * *

The Earlier Glory of Kaufmann Kohler

WE had become so accustomed to contemplating the glory of the late Kaufmann Kohler as a scholar and as president of the Hebrew Union College that we quite forgot his earlier glory as rabbi of Temple Beth-El, New York.

That his brilliant service as the rabbi of Beth-El is still well-remembered in New York was made evident to us by a number of letters calling our attention to the fact that we had omitted Kaufmann Kohler's name from a list of the rabbis of Beth-El that we printed last month.

He became the spiritual leader of Beth-El in 1879 and served until 1903 when he was elected to the presidency of the Hebrew Union College.

The Everlasting Story of the Law

THE beautiful significance of Simchas Torah is lost amid the affairs of modern life. It is the last day of the feast of Sukkos, and on that day the reading of the Five Books of the Law is completed in the synagogue.

The last verses of the Five Books describe the death of Moses:

"And Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural forces abated.

"And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days; so the days of weeping and mourning for Moses were ended."

This having been read, we return immediately to the majestic beginning of the First Book:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

So, without let-up, the ancient story of the Law is resumed—an everflowing river that in the many ages has refreshed the Jew and sustained him; a gentle stream that unto this time has carried him through the many perils that have beset his life as a Jew.

It is mankind's outstanding exemplar of the life-giving quality of an ideal.

The scroll is rolled back to the beginning with the rejoicing that is expressed in the words "Simchas Torah." There is singing and feasting, and in other times dancing was permitted in the synagogue on this day.

All of which reminds us of a fine drama that we saw enacted by the congregation of a new synagogue that was being dedicated.

The scrolls of the law had been removed from the old synagogue and the elders of the congregation had come to the door of the new house with the scrolls in their arms.

They knocked and the choir bade them welcome, and they entered, and marched with the Law down the aisle to the altar where their sons were awaiting them. Into the hands of their sons they placed the Law, saying: "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

And in this beautiful ceremonial we witnessed the entire history of the Torah and of the Jew for the life of the Jew and of the Torah have been one. In every generation the sons have taken the Law from the hands of their fathers and have, in turn, handed it down to their children, calling it a Tree of Life.

But when the sons of our time go with the Law to their children, will the children receive it with hands so eager? Will they care?

Will they accept it with that amazing devotion that has been seen for three thousand years? It was Rabbi Akiba who, burning at the stake, pressed the Scroll of the Law to his bosom and cried, "Now I can verily prove that I love the Lord with all my heart and with all my soul and with all my might."

Magnes of Mt. Scopus

SO Judah Leon Magnes is back in America for a visit. Hero of the battlefields of ideals; crusader; gallant spirit forever exploring the heights and calling men to follow him. This man does not follow the rules. Do not the well-established rules say that when a man is in a bed of roses he shall lie there comfortably to the end of his years?

But consider this man. When he was 29, Temple Emanu-El of New York called him to be its rabbi. It was called the richest pulpit in America, standing amid the wealth of Fifth Avenue. The most exalted of Jewry were its members. Young rabbis dreamed of Emanu-El and old ones looked up to it as to a mountain peak, feeling diminished in its presence.

Now this stripling was summoned to its service. He had already been blessed with many gifts. He had what was desirable in a rabbi—good looks, a splendid physique, a compelling personality. He had come out of California where men and trees grow large. He possessed, besides, fine intellect and a magical gift of the tongue.

What more could a young man ask for? Judah Leon Magnes had reached the apex of success in his chosen calling.

But after he had made a success of his exalted place, and after his varied gifts had gained for him the affection and esteem of the congregation, and when he could have continued to be comfortable in the bed of roses, Judah Leon Magnes resigned from Temple Emanu-El.

The peculiar thing about him is that comfort does not mean the same thing to him as to other men. To other men comfort may mean a desirable position; a high salary; applause; admiration. To this man comfort is something that has to do with the spirit. Comfort is something related to the conscience. It may be even something that will make his physical being uncomfortable, but if it satisfies his conscience it is comfort.

There was a certain matter having to do with Magnes' ideals. Now all of us have ideals. We are proud of them. We flaunt them as the majestic banners of our characters, the lovely pageantry of our drab lives.

But suddenly our pretty banner is challenged. How much will we give

up for our ideal? How much of comfort, of position?

Ah, sir, then the fine banner seeks the shadows. It becomes quite an encumbrance. Then we seek compromises. After all, we say, one must be a practical man. After all, one must be true to one's self. After all, one must be reasonable.

Magnes standing between the ideal and the comfort of his high place chose the ideal and stepped down from his lofty eminence. People were astounded. Many said this was not the



Judah Leon Magnes

way of a practical man and with more or less scorn called him an idealist.

Here and there was one who said that in leaving his exalted eminence for an ideal, Magnes really had not stepped down, but higher up. But these were also blessed dreamers who talked mystically of that ancient king who left his throne one day to serve a beggar.

The courtiers were shocked. This was no way for a king. A king to demean himself at the feet of a beggar! But, lo, even as they looked they saw that the king's robe had commenced to glow with a light that was not like anything on the earth. Then they prostrated themselves, seeing that the king, stepping down from his throne to serve the beggar had in reality exalted himself even unto the gates of heaven.

Such are the fancies of idealists.

Judah Leon Magnes became the rabbi of a congregation not so renowned as Emanu-El. His only ambition was to serve and he could serve as well in the valley as on the mountain.

The people saw in him an inspired leader who never raised his voice to trumpet his own glory but spoke with the selfless zeal of the prophets. It was a quiet voice, unique in a world in which many voices shouted to call attention to themselves.

They followed him into the Nationalist movement in which long before his ardent spirit had found a congenial cause that was later to become the motivating impulse of his being.

They followed him when he summoned the spirits of Israel in New York to become one spirit of Israel in the city. Israel was many spirits, often competing, misunderstanding spirits. New York, the largest Jewish city in the world, was not a Jewish community but many communities. Magnes went about to unite them in the Kehillah and they followed him.

The people followed him one wonderful night after the war when he stood before them in a great hall in New York and recited to them the story of the vast calamity that had fallen upon Israel in Eastern Europe. In his heart was the pain of all the afflicted, for among his gifts is a sensitive soul that is alien to no fellow-being; and he spoke what was in his heart. And the people wept and from their fingers they took their diamonds and from their necks their pearls and offered them up for the naked and the hungry.

Judah Leon Magnes had become the shining leader of American Jewry. But glory meant nothing to him; position meant nothing; salary meant nothing. The ideal was everything. The most cherished of his ideals was Palestine. So, forsaking all the material things that men value, he followed his ideal and moved with his family to Palestine where he became the dean of the Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus. Now he is about fifty years old.

There are those who say he has failed of success. For did he not abandon success when he stood on its dizziest height?

But Judah Leon Magnes is content. He stands on Mt. Scopus reaching for his ideal.

A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

Religion—Education



"GIVE your child a Jewish Education—Register him in a Jewish school today!" is the slogan of the Ivriah, women's division of the Jewish Education Society. With the co-operation of temple and synagogue sisterhoods the Ivriah plans to conduct a house to house canvass in order to register all Jewish children of New York in Talmud Torahs and other Jewish educational institutions.

* * *

AN opportunity for furthering Jewish education is being offered by the University College of the University of Chicago with the co-operation of The College of Jewish Studies which is including a new course in Contemporary Problems of Jewish Adjustment in America and Abroad. This course will be given under the direction of Dr. A. M. Dushkin, Executive Director of the Board of Jewish Education, Chicago, with the co-operation of a number of lecturers among whom are Professor Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, Professor Sapir of the Anthropology Department and Dr. Louis L. Mann of the Semitic Department.

* * *

"RESOLVED: that the Parochial School System is the sole solution to the problem of the permanency of traditional Judaism in this country," was the subject of a debate between the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary, New York, and the Hebrew Theological College of Chicago. The team representing the New York Yeshiva arguing the affirmative was victorious.

* * *

THE organization created by American, English and German Liberal Jews to further interests of Reform Judaism plans to extend the influence of Liberal Judaism to the distant corners of the globe. Australia, South Africa, Poland and Palestine are among the countries considered.

WHY are so many Jewish boys and girls unaffiliated with Jewish activities? To find an answer to this question, the National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods is sending out questionnaires to thousands of Jewish young men and women asking for a frank statement of their attitude.

* * *

THE Budapest Kehillah has secured a loan of \$1,000,000 from the London Prudential Assurance Co., Ltd., for purposes of building three synagogues and completing secondary schools for boys and girls and other Jewish communal institutions.

* * *

CONGREGATION B'nai Israel, Sacramento, California, the first temple building west of the Rocky Mountains, recently celebrated its 75th anniversary.

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TEN students from various parts of the country graduated this year from the Training School for Jewish Social Work. The graduates are: David Areinoff, Brooklyn; Jeanette Axelrode, Winnipeg; Emanuel Borenstein, Dorchester; Lena Farber, Seattle; Samuel Levine, Weissport; Jacob Mirviss, and Janet G. Weisman, Minneapolis; Esther D. Schwartz, Corvallis; Mary Joyce Siegel, Portsmouth and Rose Sorkin, Philadelphia.

* * *

SPECIAL efforts made by the Hias to obtain the co-operation of the rabbis of the synagogues in the work of settling Jewish immigrants in South America and other countries has received the support of more than 400 rabbis who made appeals during the High Holydays.

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SCIENTIFIC farmerettes are being trained in the Girls' Agricultural School at Nachalal, Palestine. The Canadian Hadassah has undertaken the responsibility of supporting this unique institution.

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FUNDS raised at a masquerade ball are not good enough to be used in the construction of the Synagogue was the view expressed by the Orthodox leaders of Brzuchowice, Galicia. They refused to accept the money raised at the dance for the benefit of the rebuilding of the Synagogue.

Social Welfare



IN honor of the American Legion visiting Paris, a special memorial service was held in the Rue de la Victoire Synagogue, with representatives of the American Embassy, the French Government and many leading French Jews present.

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APPROXIMATELY \$500,000 was contributed by Christians to the United Jewish Campaign, Mr. David A. Brown stated in a report on the work of the American Christian Fund for Jewish relief. This fund was organized and was inaugurated in a mass meeting held in the cathedral of St. John the Divine—Bishop Manning, General John J. Pershing, Major General John F. O. Ryan, Dr. Cadman and Louis Marshall spoke. The most notable contribution to this fund was \$100,000 given by John D. Rockefeller, Junior.

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EXEMPTION from filing income tax returns has been granted the Fur Charity Chest of New York by the Treasury Department at Washington. The organization was established for the purpose of collecting and distributing funds from individuals, firms and corporations engaged in the fur industry in the city of New York.

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THE Jewish families who suffered from flood that swept the towns and villages of Eastern Galicia will receive aid through the medium of the Joint Distribution Committee. An allotment of 15,000 Zlotys has already been made for this purpose.

* * *

THE late Louis Heineman of James town, New York, who twelve years ago was a patient of the National Hospital of Denver bequeathed the sum of \$100,000 to that institution.

Foreign



ON the occasion of the birthday of Queen Wilhelmina, knighthoods were conferred on prominent Jews in Holland. Those honored are: Dr. M. Polak, member of the Supreme Court of Justice at The Hague; Chief Rabbi Hirsch of Zwolle; Mr. J. W. Belinfante, Administrator of the Provincial Legislature of South Holland; Madame van den Begh-Willing, a well-known philanthropist; Mr. Boasson, banker at Middleburgh; the President of the Amsterdam Diamond Exchange; and G. van Dam, Amsterdam merchant. S. E. J. van Lier has been appointed Advocate General of the High Court of Justice at The Hague.

* * *

THE payment of doles to the unemployed workers in Haifa and Tiberias was stopped by the Zionist Executive as a result of the new activities undertaken at various points in Palestine. This announcement was greeted with enthusiasm by the workers, some of whom have been compelled to receive unemployment doles for over a year.

* * *

THOUGH colleges in Hungary and Roumania are not filled, the *numerous* *clausus* is being strictly enforced. Of the 1,752 students enrolled in Budapest for the new semester 98 are Jews.

At the University of Bucharest, 782 new students have enrolled of whom 18 are Jews.

* * *

A MEETING of representatives of all communities in Jerusalem held at the offices of the Deputy District Commissioner discussed the question of combatting pauperism. According to information by the police there are in Jerusalem about 100 families who are entirely destitute, 55 Jewish, 38 Moslem and 4 Christian.

* * *

A VILLAGE barber named Bodnartchuk, a member of the District Executive Committee, has been sentenced to two years imprisonment for delivering an anti-Semitic speech at a public meeting held in the village of Spalatovke in the Ukraine.

ICA reports that despite the rather difficult general economic situation in Soviet Russia, the work of the Jewish loan banks continues to develop. Credits have been granted since the beginning of the year to 39 old and 30 new banks. The ICA supports at present 170 group banks with a membership of 75,000.

* * *

NINE Constantinople Jews arrested on the charge of participating in a demonstration at the funeral of Elsa Niego were acquitted by the Court. Elsa Niego was the Jewish girl who was murdered by the Turkish official, Osman Bay, when she rejected his marriage offer.

At the time of the murder, the prosecutor declared that the Constantinople Lodge of I. O. B. B. contributed £950 toward the funeral of the victim, and used this fact as proof that the Jews had planned the Anti-Turkish manifestation before hand. A raid was made on the offices of the I. O. B. B. lodge following the prosecutors address in court but nothing incriminating was found.

* * *

AN ISSUE of the "Komsomolskaia Pravda," the organ of the Young Communist Leagues, is devoted to the fight against anti-Semitism. The issue contains articles by M. Larin, President of the Ozet, the Jewish Colonization Society, M. Smidovitch, the deputy for M. Kalinin, president of the Soviet Union, and by M. Semashko, Minister of Health.

* * *

ONE of the thriving Jewish organizations in Mexico City is the Y. M. H. A., founded about six years ago. It is a center of Jewish social activity. Non-members, as well as members, make use of the splendid Jewish library and reading room and are enrolled as pupils in the Spanish and English classes which are conducted without charge. A sister organization to the Y. M. H. A. is the Jewish Welfare Workers which, during the past three months, held two public entertainments, raising more than 1,500 pesas for the philanthropic work of the organization.

* * *

THE latest census in the Ukraine shows that there are 1,750,332 Jews, or about 5.8 per cent of the total population. About 74 per cent of the Jewish people live in urban districts and the balance in rural communities, 157,300 being engaged in agriculture and some as artisans.

Miscellaneous



LEOPOLD PILICHOWSKI, the famous Jewish artist, has been appointed by the French Government a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, in recognition of his talent.

* * *

RABBI RUDOLPH GROSSMAN for thirty years the rabbi of Temple Rodeph Shalom of New York City, died on Thursday, September 22. He was the president of the Jewish Religious School Union of New York, president of the Board of Jewish Ministers and of the Association of Reform Rabbis of New York City. Dr. Grossman was sixty years old.

* * *

THE Mexican Immigration Bureau has informed steamship agents that immigrants from Poland, Turkey, or Syria must show possession of 10,000 pesos (\$5,000) before they are admitted to Mexico.

* * *

AFTER several stormy sessions, the Zionist Congress, held in Basle last month, adjourned amicably. The United Palestine Appeal has called a conference to be held in Cleveland, October 30, to consider methods of meeting the responsibilities imposed by the program adopted at the Congress.

* * *

"THE EYE," a text book for nurses by Dr. Aariah Feigenbaum of Jerusalem, has just been published by the Hadassah in Palestine. This is the first modern text book of its kind to be printed in Hebrew.

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Thinking Aloud

By Urva Porah



OW the season has come when in many cities the rabbis broadcast their sermons to Jewish homes on Friday nights.

"Now," said the earnest young rabbi, "my words will be heard by all Jewry far and wide and every Jewish home will be as a temple. Jewry shall be my congregation and my words shall fly to the apartment of the Jew in Extravaganza Manor in the big city and to the humble cottage of the Jew in the village, and my voice shall be as the voice of the prophet speaking in the wilderness. I shall speak especially to the young of Jewry who do not come to the temple."

* * *

THE rabbi stationed himself squarely before the microphone in his pulpit in order that no word might go astray for he had a powerful message.

"My friends," he began, "I am as one speaking to the Jewry of the world. . . ."

His words entered a Bronx apartment in New York.

"Oh, it is something Jewish," the daughter of the family observed.

"It's a rabbi," the father said. "I want to hear him."

"Let's turn him out and get the Jazz Fiends," demanded the son.

"Yes, we want to dance," the daughter said. "Let's get the Jazz Fiends."

"But this is a rabbi. . . ." the father protested. "We can't turn out a rabbi. . . ." But by a swing of the dial the rabbi had already been turned out of the Bronx apartment and the Jazz Fiends had come in his place.

* * *

"BY what means has the Jew lived in all the ages despite the many deaths that have been decreed against him. . . ." the rabbi continued.

His words entered the ten-room apartment occupied by Mr. Feitelbaum in the Extravaganza Manor on Riverside drive.

"Oh, it is something Jewish!" Mrs. Feitelbaum exclaimed.

"Let's listen anyhow," Mr. Feitelbaum urged with a sudden accession of Jewishness. "It can't hurt us."

"But we'll miss Paul Whiteman, he's on the air tonight," Mrs. Feitelbaum argued. "We'll be missing what's really a ten dollar concert."

Mr. Feitelbaum yielded. Mr. Feitelbaum turned the dial and the rabbi was

turned out of Extravaganza Manor and Paul Whiteman admitted.

The rabbi's message marched through the vacant air.

* * *

IT came to the town of Sticksburg where the leading Jewish merchant was seated with his family in the living room of their house. He has lived there many years, having come there as a peddler. Now the children are growing up, and it grieves him that their social contacts are all with Gentiles, and often he says to himself that the next year or the next he will sell his business and move to the big city where there is Jewish life.

"How wondrous is the Jewish story!" exclaimed the voice of the rabbi. "The Jew has lived through great travail; will he continue to live as a Jew in prosperity?"

The leading merchant of Sticksburg rejoiced.

"It's a rabbi!" he announced to his family.

He hears rabbis only once a year when he goes to the city for the holidays. Now the rabbi had come to his house in Sticksburg. He felt himself the beneficiary of a great privilege.

"How may we continue to live in our prosperity?" the voice of the rabbi asked.

The children had become restless and were raising their voices.

"Listen! Listen!" the father commanded.

"We don't want to hear that," the daughter protested.

"It's only religion," the son said.

"It is our religion," the father argued.

"With so much good jazz on the air, we must listen to that," the daughter complained.

"The Saxophone sextette is playing tonight; let's get it."

And the rabbi was turned out of Sticksburg and his voice went searching through the spaces of the universe for Jewish homes.

* * *

BUT the voice was not discouraged but went swinging through the universe, seeking Jewish homes, and it came to a house where there was a goodly assembly of Jewish men and women. They sat in a living room about a loud speaker, their ears

cupped in their hands that they might catch every word.

And they said to one another:

"A great sermon!"

"How true!"

"He is at his best!"

"It is as if he were here speaking to us in this room."

But these were the fond relatives of the rabbi, living in a distant city.

* * *

NOW it is related that the voice of the rabbi wandering thus through the ether met the voice of a Christian minister that had been sent out through a microphone the Sunday before. Almost everywhere it had been turned out of Gentile homes and thrust back into the air and for five days it had been lost.

"And where are you going?" asked the voice of the Christian.

"I am hunting for Jewish homes," replied the voice of the Jew. "And almost everywhere I am turned away for jazz. Where are you going?"

"I was hunting for Christian homes but almost everywhere I am driven away," the voice of the Christian said. "Almost everywhere they call for jazz and drive me away."

A hurricane of jazz, coming from every direction, tore into the voice of the Jew and the voice of the Christian and mangled them.

* * *

THE mutilated voice of the rabbi now was mingled horribly with jazz and in many Jewish homes there was resentment because the voice of the rabbi seemed to be interfering with the jazz.

"Why did he have to come in and spoil the concert," it was said in many places.

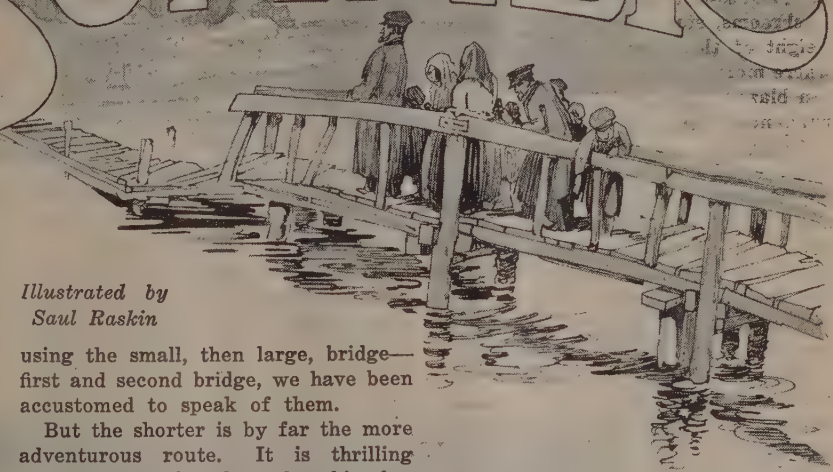
And everywhere people turned their dials in order that the voice of the rabbi might be extricated from the voice of jazz, and the dance go on.

* * *

BUT, happily, the good rabbi knew none of these things and he spoke with the most earnest zeal, being lifted up by the wonder of the occasion.

"It was most inspiring," he said to his wife later. "The thought that I was speaking to all the Jewry of the world was exalting and I felt as one standing on a mountain speaking to our people. At last I have reached the young."

By MAX ROBIN SUMMER



Illustrated by
Saul Raskin

THE sky is fair and distant, afloat with white clouds, like swans in graceful repose. The earth is secure; it's not going to rain. The afternoon has just begun. Saturday—a long day ahead. In the house it is sombre and quiet; you can hear a fly hum. Why not go somewhere?

Yes, we shall!

We are going to visit Aunt Etl. It's our custom to visit her once a week, Saturday. Her home is never more inviting. She lives far from us, with scarcely another Jew to be found anywhere near for a cure!

Aunt's home is in the suburbs. The fields are ample here and the orchards are shady, while the houses are thatched and primitively low. The day long, birds warble, birds twitter and call while flying about their business; but people, who don't always sing while going about theirs, are so used to them they seldom pay heed. So the birds, and even the nightingale, sing in vain, as far as man is concerned.

Neglected are also the rustic old men, gnarled and shriveled with age. Death is slow in coming to them, although the earth seems no more to be theirs. On a log near the wicket, these witless old folk usually sit, basking in the sun in which they had basked in their childhood.

Only the main road is cobbled, and the heavy rains of the spring and fall leave the streets treacherous with mud. The mud dries, then a wagon comes rattling along. It rattles and rattles, and an enormous column of dust is raised in its wake. But the dust here was never known to have done anyone harm.

What a charming place and alluring retreat for us city folk; never so alluring as of an evening in summer.

It is there that we are at present repairing. The going of itself is an adventure. And since you don't know the way, you will do well to follow us carefully.

There are two ways, and whichever we choose, we shall have to cross one or both rivers skirting our town. We prefer the longer course for its safety,

using the small, then large, bridge—first and second bridge, we have been accustomed to speak of them.

But the shorter is by far the more adventurous route. It is thrilling enough by day, but the undertaking becomes doubly hazardous at night. The loneliness, the water, and the shadows in the dark. Suddenly, a figure. . . . Only the bravest avail themselves of this route. Shall we?

We descend to the old part of the town. The domes and crosses of the big church are reflected golden in the midday sun. The church is closed and solemn in its stillness; but hear its mellow, sonorous chimes when the long summer day is spent and the blue of night begins. Stranger, it's enchanting! Or on Sunday, when girls and peasants and old folk pour in from the surrounding countryside, a motley stream of worshippers in gaily embroidered garb, fresh from the fields and sun and sky, and forever odorous of the soil. An imposing structure this church is, majestically set up on a rock and girdled by an unscalable green wall. From the rock, water trickles, ceaselessly, uselessly; and since no saintly origin has yet been claimed for the spring, Jews may pause to quench their thirst here. The sound of the fall, mournful, monotonous, has an unforgettable tranquil effect at the midnight hour.

On a road soft with tan waste we follow the bank of our river. Facing it is a leather factory, its chimneys projecting like monsters. The interior is a mystery, which we are hankering to explore, but for the high gate, closed whenever we pass here. Black little houses are perched on the surmounting acclivity. They are tucked away haphazardly—for what purpose other than to consume the smoke and pungent odors issuing from the tannery below! Impoverished Jews inhabit these dwellings.

A sound comes to us, hushed, from afar. We are approaching the dam, in a detour across the river, to where our aunt has made her home.

Walking is perilous here. The slender logs shake and roll underfoot. There is no railing, and the water almost reaches the dam's surface. But in places where the floor has been worn away it's like treading carpet.

The hushed sound has been growing more audible. Weather-beaten and sunken with age, diminishing and vanishing in the twilight as you leave it after an evening dip in the river—our mill looms into view. In winter it stands frozen and still, abandoned in a desolate setting of snow. Spring comes, with its floods; and again the old mill is left isolated, out of place and reach. But it's summer, and it splashes and whirls here. The huge wheels are turning, stirring the water, otherwise placid, to life. There is indeed life in this water, foaming and seething. The sight holds you, spell-bound; but better not tarry! You might be tempted to plunge into the maelstrom. Whoever has been at the place in a storm, defying the elements, out of sheer joy of defiance in his reverence of beauty and power, has been awed by the darkness and tumult; and he will no doubt attest to the superbness of the spectacle then.

On the opposite bank a pair of cows stand knee-deep in water. Still young, these two must have run off on an adventure of their own, leaving their owner perplexed as to their whereabouts. They chew the cud contentedly—and try to plumb their thought!

We are off the dam. You may like the sand here; and how about the reeds and weeds and willows! What a peaceful landscape! Scattered as though the wind had sown them, peasants *izbas*, like mushrooms, stand drooping under the weight of their roofs. Nature is nowhere more profuse or luxuriant. The sun blazes. The air is laden with the pungent aroma of mint.

Groups of naked and half-naked children squat along the fences. All day they sit here and play and chatter away, building bridges of sticks and houses of mud; while from dawn to dusk over shoemaker's benches, out in the field and with net over the sun-kissed expanse of the river, their elders are toiling; and toiling, they sing.

Presently—now the danger!—our presence is scented by the dogs. The dogs of these parts are famed all over the town for their temper. They advance in a compact, irresistible charge. Did you ever hear such barking? Most intimidating is the full-throated roar; but is there anything quite so irritating as the sickly, cough-like screech? The refrain is mournful with a midnight howl. Eyes are ablaze, tails are uplifted, heads stand erect. Various ages and sizes and breeds are here represented. And they come nearer and nearer. Go and withstand them!

And after all have gone back and subsided, some diminutive devil remains hanging on to the cuff of your trousers or to the tails of your coat, if you wear one long enough. You kick your foot, but you can't shake him off. He clings tenaciously, swinging along with each movement of your leg.

Vicious beasts, unlike the cows, with minds ever set on mischief. One wonders why.

But let us avoid the perils of that shorter way, avoid also the urchins, like the dogs hostile, scenting a Jew from afar and welcoming one with a shower of stones and nondescript greetings. We shall take the safer course instead, and go to our aunt's by way of the two bridges.

• • •

Let us start out at once, for we do not intend to hurry. Who hurries in the small town on Saturday?

In the party so far is father, mother, and three of us, children—"one smaller than the other." It has taken us long to get dressed and prepared, the wiping of grimy young noses comprising a not inconspicuous part of the detail arrangement. We had had to eat, too, the inevitable *chulnt*, a trifle burnt and appetizingly flavored with garlic—a Sabbath dish which mother skilfully made up and put away in a sealed oven to stew before sunset yesterday.

And now we are on the go.

It is quiet in town. With the doors and shutters bolted, the stores have taken on an even more faded and dismal appearance than is usually theirs.



Father in regaling Nachman with humor

The black and white husks of pumpkin and sunflower seeds in areas litter the sidewalks, swept every Friday. The streets are deserted. A boy, hastening home from the teahouse, looks rueful over the loss of some precious drops of hot water overflowing his kettle, the lid of which dances. Another, dressed ineffectually in his misfit holiday garb, is returning with a pair of siphon bottles. This one has far to go, and already his little hands hurt, clumsily gripping the slender cold necks of his burden. His eyes betray a glint of childish impatience; stop, however, he will not.

Our party moves on.

Father is, of course, at the head. He walks firmly, his hands behind his back, his shoulders erect—a general, a hero, a smith! At his side my younger brother is clutching his alpaca sleeve. He is father's favorite, and in turn his

most ardent admirer. While little Blumke, a funny ribbon in her single braid, furtively troops after mother. They, too, are inseparable. Last, it may be pertinent to leave one walking by himself—not quite by himself; for there is father, covering us all with a casual but inescapable eye.

We make our first stop at Uncle Nachman's house. The entrance is through a low wicket and over a high plank, into a narrow yard from which the sun is barred even this bright summer day. It was hardly expected that we should again be detained by our uncle after the experience he had last had with father.

Our animation has increased. Father is regaling Nachman with humor, but he does not smile even when uncle

bends double with laughter. A more sedate discussion is developing between mother and aunt. Of the two, mother is obviously the superior. A tactful and practical woman, she at all times manages to make herself agreeable; only that she had been forced into a taciturn habit by father's overbearing manner. As to the cousins of the group, we still continue on terms of cordiality with one another. The relaxed discipline of

our elders has been a boon, and we have almost forgotten that they are with us; but father's voice comes high above the tumult. "Quiet there—did you see!" His distraction, however, is only temporary; and he has no sooner turned back to uncle than we resume our interrupted murmuring. Can our gayety be thwarted after a week's ration and with all the happenings before us today?

We have still another aunt to pick up on the way, also grandmother, who is living with her. The last of father's three sisters has no children. But for us there is the recompensing knowledge that her husband will spend with us the day—and let the others taunt him for it! Shimin never cares. We have learned to appreciate such rare sympathy on the part of a grown-up.

Children have but few real friends, and those they cherish most dearly.

In full force and with no more stops to make, we proceed out of town. Who knows the way? None of us minors—though in turn each insists that he does. A wide, well-cobbled street. Come here on the day of the fair, and you will hear it resound with the clatter of wagons and carts. The diligence races over it; dragoons parade here jauntily on occasion, and even our fire brigade shows to advantage turning into this thoroughfare. A garden is clustering overhead at our left, with another on the opposite side of the street descending in a slope to the river. And—we are at the first bridge, some of us boys reaching it in advance of the party.

Our elation cannot be restrained. Again we lean over the parapet, from which the paint is always peeling, to admire the smithy below. The anvil is out, but the dilapidated doors are too. Saturday, no one is working, and the clang of hammers will this day not ring over the river, will not reverberate over the distant shores.

The bridge is still awaiting repairs, and we delight to observe the green water in motion through the chinks in the floor. Coached by Uncle Shimin, we race back and forth over the sidewalks. If we could throw off our shoes! Father's interest is awakened. He always expects his sons to win.

A carriage overtakes us on the road where the bridge ends, and the rattle it raises might be heard for *versts* around. On both sides the willows are powdered with dust, the fences are low, two monotonous lines of crosses that almost meet at the next bridge. Mysterious even in the light is the wooded bank we are leaving behind. But at night—grandmother says that bears prowl there at night! Grandmother must know.

Few boats are scattered over the river, and not a song may be heard. But stop here when the day has faded, on your way home. Lean over the parapet, then, and forget everything, please. Earth, river and sky will merge into one; the evening will exhale its mystic, ardent breath; the stars will appear, vague, tremulous, unborn; and the frogs will pipe and croak incessantly—wakeful spirits of this enchanting summer night. By now you will have imbibed the impenetrable essence, the peace, the mysterious solemnity of it all—till in your soul there is harmony, complete, serene, imperturbable.

And, suddenly, hark! A voice, a feminine, resonant voice, a youthful voice of lamentation, is lifting some-

where; it is slowly scaling upward. Presently a chorus joins in the refrain, a mighty, invisible chorus, singing with restraint; chanting, praying, repining against fate, the inexorable, to whom man is but a plaything, for a while, a little silly while.

We are off the bridge and in the suburb. The weeds around the wheelwright's are littered with carriages and wheels. An immense road, the road dividing; a policeman's booth, and no one in the booth.

Fences of plaited branches enclosing orchards in full bloom. The fruit hangs ripe in the trees. Myriads of little cherries, red and black and succulent, peer forth from their nestling, shimmering foliage. Nature is everywhere emitting its powerful, sun-heated, life-giving essence. Pigs parading, hens cackling and pecking, diligently scraping in the wide tracks of the wheels. Toothless blond youngsters sneer as they gape; screening their eyes, groups of sun-

taken each other out of mutual love. There were those who had ever been curious to know, and they had found aunt too reticent to tell. And there the matter had ended.

We arrived too late on the scene to have known aunt as a girl, and we referred to her only as Etl, of the suburbs—Etl, Duvid's. She was already with children, and burdened with other, unknown, some rather conceivable cares when we began to visit her Saturdays. But this one and that one we would overhear tell how pretty a girl she had been, how healthy and sprightly, and even coquettish. Aunt Etl!

Well, we knew nothing of that. But we did like her far in excess of the two other aunts, because with us she was always impulsive, generous, motherly. It was good to be patted by her. Her eyes glanced at us gently, and they had a subduing, disarming effect.

Her eyes—you might care to be told a bit more about aunt's eyes. They



Etl and Duvid—Duvid and Etl

burned girls stand smiling in a sort of timid welcome to the curious city folk. . . . The red roof of Aunt Etl's house beckons familiarly through the glistening verdure.

Etl and Duvid—Duvid and Etl—names confounded by our childish fancy with such absurdly incongruous items as sour cream, ripe redberries and still redder wine—flecked cows, mellow sunsets and hazy evening skies, followed by nights of incredible darkness, with stars the size of peas! And dogs howling as though they were possessed with the vision of Jews in long cloaks.

It had never been definitely ascertained whether uncle and aunt had

were like flowers, the dewdrops still on them. Sunny eyes, with a flash of disdain, and a softening slant of compassion. They pacified, yes; but aunt never had need to extend herself, making use of her eyes.

On the other hand, uncle was placid and timid. How else than with a smile could one greet him? And aunt must have married him because of his meekness. A receding quality—in a man! But it offered assurance, which suited the practical streak of her nature. She would "flirt" with one of her kind—a reckless young fellow, who had picked up a trick or two of the world. But she must marry one steady; one whom she could manage after they've married.

(To Be Continued)

What of the American Synagogue?

By Samuel S. Cohon

(The first of a series of articles dealing with the problems of the readjustment of Judaism to the American environment.)

SAMUEL S. COHON.



THE synagogue has held so distinguished a place in our history as the bulwark of our faith, our honor, and our very existence, that each change in life and forms becomes a matter of deep concern to every thoughtful Jew. That the Synagogue in America has changed in numerous vital respects from the synagogue of Germany, Poland and Lithuania, is quite apparent to anyone who is at all acquainted with the Old World communities. These differences no longer constitute the peculiar mark of Reform. We meet them in Conservative and



Samuel S. Cohon

Orthodox houses of worship as well. They show that the synagogue in America faces not a theory but a stubborn reality. As a living institution, it can preserve itself only through proper adaptation to its new environment. While Reform Judaism has led the way in this direction, the other groups have at first unconsciously and at last consciously—been following. Accordingly, the two Orthodox seminaries of New York and Chicago announce that they are training college bred men to replace the European Yeshiva trained rabbinate, in the leadership of Orthodox congregations in America. Their aim is strikingly similar to the one advanced by Isaac M. Wise, when he founded the Hebrew Union College to train rabbis for the Reform congregations of America, and to that held out by Sabbato Morais and subsequently by Solomon Schechter when the Jewish Theological Seminary was organized to educate rabbis for congregations which occupy a middle position between Orthodoxy and Reform. All three wings of American Jewry—

however widely they may differ in religious fundamentals—agree that they are confronted by new conditions in this New World, and that in order to meet them it is necessary to resort to new methods.

The root problem which faces American Jewry is not philanthropic or social. True, the poor are not likely to disappear from our midst, despite the restriction of immigration. Every community will continue to be called upon to help its sick and feeble. Similarly for a long time to come we will, in all likelihood, continue to meet with forms of social discrimination which will demand our patient attention. But these problems are growing less poignant with the steady adaptation of our people to this country. The one problem that looms above all others is how to retain the religious idealism of our people in the new atmosphere of the freedom of this country, of its political equality and commercial and industrial democracy. Upon the successful solution of this problem, our true welfare depends.

The one institution which by its very nature is called upon to cope with this problem is the synagogue. Combining as it does in its program, Jewish social, educational, and religious aims, it constitutes the hope of Jewry. We therefore ask: What of the American Synagogue? Has it retained, in the course of its transplantation into the New World, its historical character? Or has the spirit of American life diverted it into strange ways that endanger the integrity of Jewish life?

Some earnest men and women take a decidedly gloomy view of the situation. They feel the ground slipping from under our feet. They see that the social equality which our people enjoy—though in somewhat limited degree—has undermined the foundations of Kashrus in America. Mingling with other people on terms of equality, most of us no longer scruple about partaking of their food and drink. With the removal of the dietary barrier, other barriers topple down. Mixed marriages are common even in the compact Jewish centres of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. Further-

more, the strenuous business—and pleasure—life of our country has killed the Shabbos and has taken much of the joy out of the observance of our holidays. And it is contended that the materialistic standards of the country have destroyed the love for the Torah that filled the hearts of our people in other lands, and threaten to wipe out also their love of God.

While these complaints may be easily corroborated by examples of disregard of all that is holy by even leaders of the synagogue, and of the flagrant flaunting of the aims and ideals of Judaism by large numbers of our people, we refuse to yield to despair. All is not yet lost, and much can yet be regained if we find the right way of expressing the eternal truths of Judaism for the men and women of the new age. The Jewish heart is as sound today as it ever was in the past. If properly touched, it may respond with renewed vigor and richness. The freedom of our country, while weakening the loyalties of some, has strengthened the spirit of others so that they have carried their ancient heritage of idealism with greater courage and manliness. It has produced types of men rare in any country, who without apology for their Jewishness and without bravado, which is mostly a cover for a sense of inferiority, live and act naturally as Jews. Through them Judaism is gradually taking root in this country, and developing strong social, cultural, and religious institutions which strengthen the Jewish morale and self-esteem. An intense hunger for things Jewish among the more thoughtful of the young elements may lead to more wholesome conditions.

The external expression of the synagogue is not without significance for the proper estimate of the manner of its adjustment to the conditions of this country. No longer confined to alleys or side streets, as in certain European communities of an older day, and unrestricted in the forms of its architecture, the leading synagogues of America have been built in such manner as to render them centers of civic pride. In the magnificence of

their construction and in the liberal policy of their operation, they materially contribute to the cultural and spiritual welfare of the communities in which they function. To the puritanically inclined, their "pomp and show" may appear as an added sign of our lack of true inward religiosity and as mere concern with externals. Others are likely to take a more thoughtful view of the situation. They know only too well that form frequently helps the spirit, and that beauty of structure tends to raise the respect of young and old for the institution which it represents and is likely to prove of decided Jewish value. This is true despite the fact that thus far no distinct type of architecture has been developed for the synagogue. Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform houses of worship alike so closely resemble the nearby church that it is not always easy to tell them apart. Nevertheless in this respect too, some progress has been made. The leaders of quite a number of American congregations have displayed such complete adjustment to their environment that they have not felt embarrassed in expressing their religious sentiments in distinct architectural forms of striking beauty.

The architecture is but an index to the inner life of the synagogue. Its forms of worship too have undergone striking changes. This is most evident in the use of the vernacular in the service. When it was first introduced into the service by the Reformers, a cry of indignation was raised by the conservative elements. Judging by some of the prayerbooks used by a number of Conservative congregations in America, the vernacular seems to have found its way also into non-Reform houses of worship. Preaching in English has come to be a necessity even in strictly Orthodox congregations. To prepare their graduates to preach in English constitutes one of the chief aims of the two Orthodox seminaries.

This fact is not stated for the purpose of glorying in the use of the vernacular in the services of the synagogue. If no exclusive sanctity is attached to Hebrew, no such claim can be made for English or any other language. We record this phenomenon only as an illustration of the way in which changes have been forced upon the synagogue. Far from seeing in them signals of danger to Judaism, we regard them as signs of the adjustment of Judaism to the new conditions

of our country and of its finding new ways of rising above the floods of destruction. Let those who will, complain that they display the influence of the religious life of our neighbors upon the American synagogue. Drawn together into close social, commercial, and cultural relations with our neighbors, we are naturally affected by each other's forms and standards. Nor is this new to our age and to our country. History shows that there has always and everywhere gone on a lively interchange of ideas and practices between ourselves and our neighbors. Our rabbis were wide-awake to this fact, and protested only when our people acquired the evils of our neighbors but not when they learned wholesome things from them. Throughout the ages our people, while readily adapting themselves to the life and culture of the countries in which they lived, jealously guarded the preservation of the ideal purity and the integrity of the Jewish soul.

Furthermore, not all that is pointed out by the over-zealous as approximations to the forms and standards of the American Protestant churches is truly alien to the Jewish spirit. Quite to the contrary, a number of them have liberated it from the shackles into which it was forced in consequence of cramped conditions under persecution and darkness. As such they are distinctive gains. We refer particularly to the improved decorum which has come to form part of most—if not yet all—of the synagogues of the land, to the removal of the special gallery for women as an expression of their admission to full equality in religious matters, and to the beautification of the service through the introduction of instrumental music. Whatever arguments may be advanced against these new features in synagogue life, they are here to stay, and it is only a matter of time before they will become characteristic of all the Jewish houses of worship in the country.

However, our optimism cannot be of the blind type that ignores all signs of danger. Where continuous adjustments are made to changing situations, there may also take place dangerous and grotesque maladjustments which must be viewed with apprehension. "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom." We must carefully guard the developing life of the synagogue in America if it is to continue to serve as the centre of our spiritual heritage and to carry forward the golden chain of our tradition.

The REFLEX

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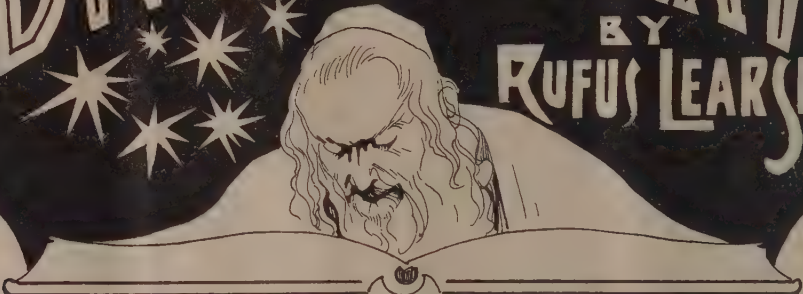
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MIDNIGHT PRAYER

BY
RUFUS LEARSI



Illustrated by
Saul Raskin

EDITH WEINER regarded her friendship with Cynthia Blair as her most precious possession, the crown and glory of her existence. Edith was in her late 'teens, an age when emotions flow tempestuously, when every predilection or aversion is nothing if not all-absorbing, when every attachment is felt to be sacred, profound and everlasting.

The two girls, both in the first blossom of their womanhood, were classmates at college and between them had sprung up that ardent friendship which is sometimes described as an harbinger of the passion to which, later, all other attachments are readily sacrificed or as a substitute for it. For the present, however, they were constantly together, studied and played together, visited each other's home and found in each other satisfaction for all the imperious demands which the social instinct makes upon the young woman. Perhaps the law of opposites, overworked though it is, had something to do with the attraction they exercised upon each other, for beside Cynthia's blond-haired and blue-eyed Anglo-Saxonhood, Edith Weiner's raven hair and vivid black eyes flashed abroad her unmistakable Semitic origin.

"Edith, darling," Cynthia once remarked, "I wish I was brunette myself. Blondes, I am sure, are all pale, and characterless. Brunettes, on the other hand, look so intense and interesting. Blonde and bland mean the same thing to me."

"You are all wrong, Cynthia, darling," Edith protested. "I would give anything to be like you. Bland, indeed! Why, I don't think there's anything more poetical than hair *couleur-de-blé* and corn-flower eyes."

Then, as an after thought, and in a lowered voice she had added:

"Would you like to be a brunette even if it meant being—a Jewess?"

Cynthia looked a little surprised as she replied:

"Why not, aren't you one?"

And that reply caused Edith to feel vaguely uncomfortable and a little ashamed. At the same time it made her feel unaccountably grateful to her friend and she was certain she loved her all the more for it.

Nevertheless when Edith's grandfather, old Mr. Shlomo Weiner, came to live with her parents, she looked upon the event with mingled feelings and not without a certain degree of alarm. Old Shlomo had just buried his wife and his son had insisted that the lonely old man must come and live with him. Edith's grandfather was of striking appearance and she even described him to herself as "picturesque." It was his hair and beard, both immaculately white, that were his most striking features, and there was, in his expression, a touching combination of sadness and mildness. His eyes were remarkably expressive, with a wise and penetrating gaze and with, frequently, a flash of irony. The old man spent nearly all his time at home, reading his paper or studying out of large leather-backed folios he had brought with him. As he sat over these folios he sometimes swayed back and forth and chanted a queer chant in a low voice. With his back to the light and his face in the shadows, his white hair fringing his black skull cap, his square beard glistening like a white flower, the old man's appearance possessed a charm at once homely and exotic.

A peculiar relationship sprang up between Edith and her grandfather after he came to live in her home. Prior to his coming she used to see him but rarely and rather liked the light, bantering snatches of conversation in which the old man engaged with her, not at all like the stern and Orthodox grandfathers that other people had. His tone was always a little ironical and wistful at the same time.

"Nu, Edith," he once said to her, "you are growing so fast, you will by-and-by look down on your grandfather."

When Edith had blushed and given voice to the usual protests the old man had queried:

"Are you sure my beard and earlocks will make no difference?"

And now that the old man was living with them, Edith, strangely enough, recalled that query and she dared not formulate to herself the feeling that the beard and ear-lock did make a difference. She felt drawn by the old man's picturesque appearance and simplicity. She was intrigued, moreover, by the impression he always gave of seeing everything and knowing everything, his eyes were so eloquent, his reticence was so eloquent. Nevertheless Edith felt uneasy. She was worried about Cynthia. She wondered what effect the old man would produce on her friend. After all, he looked so—so outlandish. She hesitated to use another adjective. True, Cynthia did not appear to have any prejudices, but—who can tell? Edith hated to have the difference between herself and her friend, the basic difference, flaunted so conspicuously before them. She wanted to be completely identified with her friend; completely at one with her. She wanted all differences torn down and annihilated. Above all, she wanted no display of that difference which she knew had such a divisive effect, which identified her with a people which many other people, Cynthia, perhaps, among them, regarded as being rather ridiculous and unlovely. And so, coloring all her other feelings towards her grandfather, the young woman experienced what can only be described as a feeling of uneasiness and resentment.

"Edith," her mother asked her one day, "why is it your friend Cynthia hasn't been up to see you so long? Is it all over between you?"

Old Shlomo, who was sitting in the

corner, chanting low over his folio, became silent.

"All over between us!" Edith exclaimed. "What an idea! How can you imagine such a thing? Cynthia hasn't been up simply because we've been seeing each other elsewhere, that's all. Her mother has been ill, so I've been going to see her instead."

And immediately Edith blushed. She blushed because she was totally unaccustomed to telling a lie, because, moreover, she belonged to the rather small class of those who always blush when they lie, who are unable to do anything else. For the truth of the matter was that Cynthia had not come to visit her because she had not wanted her to, because she had contrived in various ways to keep Cynthia away. Of course, Edith felt wretched over the subterfuges she had to employ, she also saw ahead the day when all devices would fail her.

Her mother mercifully changed the subject and the low chant again arose from the corner where sat the old man.

Edith became depressed and profoundly unhappy. She felt as if some calamity were hanging over her. Her heart became a store-house of conflicting and pent-up emotions, of thwarted affection, of fear and resentment and, also, of a goodly dose of self-contempt.

II

It was a late afternoon, almost three weeks after the introduction of old Shlomo Weiner into her home, that Edith received an unexpected visit from Cynthia.

"You look almost scared," Miss Blair laughed after the greetings. "Come to think of it, I haven't been here for nearly three weeks. Why do you look so nervous? You haven't acquired a skeleton in your closet, have you?"

Her grandfather was not in and Edith soon recovered most of her composure. But the phrase "skeleton in your closet" produced a very painful impression on her. Was it possible that Cynthia intended some veiled allusion? It was best, of course, to dismiss it lightly.

"It must be thrilling to have one, don't you think so?" she joked. "But what's the big news, Cynthia?"

"Nothing at all," her friend assured her. "I just felt like dropping in, dear, that's all. I had almost forgotten what your home looks like. What's that great big book on the table?"

"Oh, that," Edith groped for an

answer, for it was her grandfather's folio. "That's something we have recently acquired."

"Not the skeleton, is it?" Cynthia again laughed.

But before Edith could find a reply, the door of the room opened and Shlomo Weiner entered. He saw the two young women and stopped short at the threshold. Cynthia drew back the hand she had extended to take the book and stared at the majestic old man. Edith's face flushed crimson.

"Who is that grand old man?" Cynthia inquired.

"Oh that—that—" Edith began, but before she could proceed to reveal all her embarrassment Reb Shlomo's calm voice interrupted her.

"Please," he said, addressing Edith, "tell your mother I will call again tomorrow. And maybe she will sell dose clothes a leetle cheaper. Good-bye."

And the old man turned about and disappeared.

III

That night as Edith lay in bed trying vainly to fall asleep, she became aware for the first time in her life how keen and unbearable moral agony could be. She recalled but vaguely



"He stopped short at the threshold"

the things that followed the disappearance of the old man from the room where she was entertaining her friend. She remembered only that she must have become very pale for Cynthia had seized her hands and uttered exclamations of alarm. The next thing she remembered was that she was walking through the streets with Cynthia beside her; then, that she was walking alone, walking, it seemed to her, for hours and hours, through places and streets she had never seen before.

It was dark when she found herself on the way home again. Somehow her street looked changed. It looked strange, melancholy and unfriendly. In the doorways, now and then, she appeared to see shadowy figures, figures of venerable old men, with majestic white hair and white

beards, looking down on the ground, and bearing huge packs on their backs. And as she passed, they seemed to lift their eyes and look at her with an unbearable expression of sadness, reproach and irony.

And now, having gone to bed early and without having taken any food, her anguish appeared to grow even more intense. It was not only the wistful face of the old man as he turned to walk out that she saw wherever she looked, saw it even when, in the attempt to blot it out, she pulled the blankets over her head. It was, even more, the self-contempt that gnawed and gnawed at her heart like some living malevolent creature.

"God," she moaned, "what a despicable thing I am! If I could only weep!"

Gradually, through her pain, almost inaudible at first, then more and more distinct, certain sounds reached her ears. They came from her grandfather's room. She had heard them before but tonight they sounded strangely new. It was her grandfather reciting the *Chazot* or Midnight Prayer.

"Only twelve o'clock," it flashed through her mind, for she had informed herself concerning the strange prayer. "What a long and terrible night is still before me!"

But now the haunting chant of the prayer filled her ears. Distinctly she made out the voice of the old man and never before, so it seemed to her, did it sound so sorrowful, never before did it plead so earnestly, so yearningly.

"He is suffering," Edith thought. "He too is suffering. How can he forget the insult I inflicted upon him?"

A while longer she sat listening, then, as the strains of the chant rose more earnestly and sorrowfully, she got up with a sudden impulse.

Swiftly she threw a gown over her night-clothes, stepped out of her room and noiselessly entered the room of the old man.

He did not hear her. He stood facing the window, his back to the door, looking up at the stars and chanting his Midnight Prayer.

"Grandfather!" she whispered. And the old man turned and saw her.

"Grandfather," she called again, and the next moment she was at his feet clasping his knees, weeping frantically, desperately.

"Grandfather," she broke through her sobs, "forgive me, forgive me!"

And almost at the same moment, she felt a tender hand laid on her hair and a big warm tear fall down on her head.

The Jew on the Stage and Screen

By Zelda F. Popkin

This article is the first of a series intended to acquaint our readers with new theatrical productions portraying the Jew on the stage and the screen. These articles will also deal with the contribution the Jews are making in the promotion of the modern theatre.



SIX years ago, when a modest little comedy entitled, "Abie's Irish Rose" slipped into the Republic Theatre in New York, the omniscient critics hooted, and prophesied for it three weeks of life. But those three weeks have stretched into nearly 2,300 performances in New York alone—a world's record for the longevity of a play—have seen it presented by stock companies and road companies in every large city of America, have made a millionaire of a Jewish woman, Anne Nichols, who was both playwright and producer. So much is history. It is also a miracle.

Sold for the largest price ever obtained for motion picture rights to a play, "Abie's Irish Rose" is now in Hollywood preparing for its debut upon the screen, and it is shortly to appear in a new form before a public that has awaited the film with the proverbial bated breath. All of which forms the most astounding theatrical phenomenon of recent years. Every critic has tried to account for the success of this play—and has given up in despair. Try as one will to treat it with respect, with indeed the reverence and awe to which its achievement seems to have entitled it, "Abie's Irish Rose" remains a shoddy little play—a mixture of slapstick, of stage characterization of the Jew, of sentiment, of tawdry propaganda and hokum. Yet I have never heard heartier laughter in any theatre than I heard in the Republic Theatre a few weeks ago at a performance of a play that was already six years old.

There must be a reason and I think it is this: The world likes to laugh at the Jew, and in the mispronunciations, the mannerisms and mental processes of his adaptation to his American environment it has found cause for abundant mirth. For it is at the Jew they laugh in "Abie's Irish Rose"; the Irish (traditional theatrical friendly enemies of the Jew) are not especially

funny. It is the Jew who makes all the compromises and concessions—eats ham and celebrates Christmas, despite the heaviness of his accent and his heart, and despite Miss Nichols' brave little speeches about understanding and tolerating one another. Brothers under our skin, we are, but let us laugh at the weaker brother, because he's really defenseless.

All this is good stage stuff, and my non-Jewish friends who recommended the play heartily to me insist that there is no malice in it. Indeed, there would be no need for calling upon the offices of the Anti-Defamation League to protect the good name of the Jew from libel were all plays that deal with intermarriage, particularly of Irish and Jew, as innocuous as this one. But "Abie's Irish Rose" is today experiencing the highest flattery of success—imitation. It is the ambition of every playwright to write an "Abie"—of



every producer to stage one. Hence we are in the throes of an epidemic of Irish-Jewish brawls on the stage and screen—some inoffensive, some subtly malicious, some merely dull. These things are easy to do and the producers, thinking of Anne Nichols' good fortune, feel that they are sure-fire stuff. Give an undersized little fellow a sharp beard and manner and an "ain't it mama?"—and you have a laugh. Throw in an allusion or two to fire-sales and acute bargaining and you have a hit. Vaudevillians from time immemorial have found it so. But of late, it has really come to be too much of a good thing. The Irish and the Jews are fighting *ad nauseam*. Witness this fragment of a long list that has come in the wake of "Abie": "Kosher

Kitty Kelly," "The Cohens and the Kelleys," "The Life of Riley," "Clancy's Kosher Wedding." And forthcoming are the movies of "Abie" itself, and "The Cohens and the Kellys Abroad."

The most recent of the cinema idylls of the love of a Jewish lass for an Irish lad was uproariously related in a film called "Clancy's Kosher Wedding"—which had its "world premiere" at the Hippodrome in New York a few weeks ago. It concerns two cloak and suiters—an Irishman and a Jew—shop-keeping side by side in a Delancey Street that is still paved with cobblestones. This elegant thoroughfare of the East Side certainly will not recognize itself in this picture unless it chances to be, without saying so, an historical film. The comical visage of Mr. George Sidney, who stepped into a rich heritage in the Potash and Perlmutter comedies, with the passing of Barney Bernard, is employed to excellent advantage as the Cohen who—the caption writer informs us—"has his house and store under one roof so that an insurance policy will cover them both." His neighbor Clancy does likewise, but the coincidence isn't funny enough for comment. Then, too, young Clancy is a member of the fire department and is therefore expected to put an end to all fire sales on Delancey Street. The villain of the piece is Izzy, an aquiline-nosed prize-fighter, who attempts to steal the fair maiden (with her father's consent) from the arms of the doughty young Clancy, and who robs his prospective father-in-law's till. Naturally, virtue triumphs in the person of Clancy the fireman, and another intermarriage is happily consummated while the wedding bells peal "Come back to Erin."

All these things, they tell us, are put forth in the interest of better understanding. When we learn to laugh at ourselves and with others at ourselves the relations between the Jews and their neighbors will be improved. But if perchance we must laugh and blush at the same time, perhaps it is asking too much to expect the Jews to be enthusiastic about the Cohens and the Kellys, the Abie's Irish Roses and their like. And perhaps, too, they are just laughing at us and trying to make us like it.

The Jews and the Irish no longer dwell side by side in New York's slums. That belonged to an earlier generation. The Italian is now the neighbor and his black haired sons pay court to the Jewish daughters and vex the parent's heart. In politics, in schools, in society, the Jew and Irishman meet and mingle, and then go their separate ways. So all these stage brawls between the Irish and the Jews, this heavy-handed film propaganda, for "We're really the best of friends and let's forget our differences," is really very old stuff, outworn by time and circumstance and now grown dull and tiresome.

From Grand Street to Broadway

The Misses Alice and Irene Lewisohn several years ago built and equipped a little theatre down near the end of Grand Street. They called it the Neighborhood Playhouse, and their venture was as much philanthropic as artistic. They were interested in the boys and girls of the East Side in whom burned the flame of beauty and a yearning for wings that would lift them above the drabness and sordidness of their surroundings. They taught these children to dance and act, to design costumes and paint scenery, to interpret comedy and tragedy, and their achievement transcended their hopes in many ways. Limousines began to wheel their unfamiliar way down Grand Street to park in the dingy side-streets around the Playhouse, for word got around that exquisite things were being produced on the little stage downtown. There was real talent in these tenement children and a true sense of beauty.

From its earliest days the Neighborhood Playhouse acquired a reputation for artistic achievement and sincerity. An artistic success but, never a financial one.

The fledglings grew older and they turned to satire. The first of the Grand Street Follies, a light-hearted, light-footed satirical revue of metropolitan life was an instantaneous hit. The climax of the career of the Neighborhood Playhouse came, however, two years ago when the theatre produced an English translation of Ansky's "Dybbuk," in a performance of arresting beauty and understanding. Then

too, for the first time in its existence, the theatre was a financial success. Press and public joined their plaudits and producers begged for a chance to take the play uptown. The Misses Lewisohn resisted temptation. This was an art theatre, they insisted, and not a commercial theatre, and they would be defeating their own purpose were they to move out of the Playhouse. The Dybbuk remained on Grand Street, and then was quietly withdrawn to make place for the rest of the season's scheduled productions. Last spring, after the 1927 Grand Street Follies had been launched and were on their way to becoming a hit, Alice and Irene Lewisohn announced that they were unable to continue their support of the little theatre. The intrepid Follies group, however, refused to be dismayed. If the theatre was no longer to be theirs, at least they still owned their senses of humor and satire, their agile limbs and their zest and enthusiasm. They took the show to Broadway and there it remained, playing to crowded houses all through the summer, the best of the town's revues, despite its unpretentiousness, despite its slight lapses into bad taste (as in the Sapiro-Ford skit), despite the fact that it had lost its good angel. Sampling Broadway, and finding that they liked it and that Broadway liked them, these bright youngsters from Grand Street decided to remain.

This month the Grand Street Follies enter upon the second phase of their career, independent and courageous. They have found a new angel in Sidney Ross, for several years a patron of the theatre arts, one of the few of the city's dwellers who has a private theatre in his own apartment. They are beginning their new career with Artzybasheff's "Lovers and Enemies," and it will be most interesting to watch them carve out a new destiny.

Communication

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

We wish to inform you how much we appreciate the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. It is needless to say that the large number of useful articles and beautiful pictures are of great interest to our members.

M. A. MOSES,
Hon. General Secretary,
Israelite Brotherhood,
Bombay, India.

One New York Visitor Tells Another

IT is seldom necessary to ask the man who stops at the McAlpin why he invariably selects "The Center of Convenience" as his New York Headquarters. As a rule, the McAlpin guest will tell you about McAlpin Service without the asking.

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Sincerely,

Arthur S. Lee
Managing Director

**HOTEL
McALPIN**
Broadway at 34th St.
New York City

The Weapon of Israel Is the Spirit

By Lucius L. Solomons

An Extract of an Address to the Class Initiates of San Francisco Lodge No. 21, August 18, 1927.



OUR induction into this fraternal body comes in the midst of that which is known as the Wider-Scope Campaign for the expansion and betterment of four principal agencies: the Anti-Defamation League,



Lucius L. Solomons

the Mexican Immigration Relief, the Hillel Foundation, and the Palestine Rehabilitation. I shall touch briefly upon two of them only: the Anti-Defamation Work and the Hillel Foundation. They are co-operating forces; and are potential activities, rather than mere salutary measures. The Anti-Defamation League is now fourteen years in existence; the Hillel Foundation less than four years. The latter has supplemented the former, both of them proceeding along constructive educational lines, designed to create intimate contacts between Jewish and non-Jewish life, such as the promotion of the good-will movement between Christian and Jew and the establishment of a better understanding among all types of American citizenship, involving racial and religious groups.

We have learned many things during those fourteen years of constructive work.

We have learned, among other things, that our hardest problem was among our own people; that our enemies were not all outside the tents of Judah. Treason and betrayal, however passive or subconscious, was lurking within the camp itself. We beheld not alone the faint-hearted and the half-hearted—the scoffer and the sceptic, to whom we had grown accustomed—but also him whom we call a Jew by accident of birth—who flees from his responsibilities as from the plague; who, in the full enjoyment of liberty and equality, is surrendering his birthright; who, on the threshold

of emancipation, is becoming re-enslaved.

We have likewise learned that benevolence, brotherly love and harmony—the Order's motto—mean more than ordinary lip service; they mean genuine democracy in Israel and real brotherhood of humanity. Unity in Jewish life—the first article of the B'nai B'rith creed—must be social and communal as well as religious. Aristocracies in Israel are purely artificial; inherently they have no existence, and are alien to our household structure. "Kol Yisroel Achaim" and "Kol Yisroel Orevym Zeh Le Zeh"; "All Israel are brethren; and, as such, responsible for one another." I am my brother's keeper; and you likewise, my brother. The son of Israel who "hides himself from his own flesh" is worse than a deserter, worse than a traitor, worse than an apostate; for he makes confession to an eager, listening world—oft-times a hostile one—that he is of shameful birth. He is attempting the impossible task of burying his origin, and becoming like Napoleon, his own ancestor.

Thus it became apparent to the leaders of the B'nai B'rith at the time we contemplated the establishment of "Hillel" that the efforts theretofore put forth by the Anti-Defamation League to create a better understanding between ourselves and our non-Jewish neighbors must be supplemented by missionary work among our own kind. Then it was that we learned something else. We discovered to our horror and amazement that the great white hope of Israel, the boys and girls, so soon to take our places before they, too, pass on, were already passing on, or passing off—so many of them slipping away—falling down—either by utter indifference, or by frank but none the less flat refusal even to stand up and be counted—much less to stand up and fight. We found that in the higher institutions of learning throughout the land attempted organization of Jewish groups had almost utterly failed. All other

religious and national elements in college life were proud to "Mark time, March." Zealously they upheld their distinctive affiliations. The Jewish student alone slunk out of sight, or vainly tried to merge himself—meaning, of course, to submerge himself—in a heterogeneous, nondescript mass of nothing at all; a cowardly and foolish attempt to be what everyone knew he was not. When we started the Hillel movement less than 40 per cent of the Jewish student body at the University where we functioned disclosed their religious or racial affiliation at the time of registration. And yet we must be fair to the American Jewish student.

The Numerus Clausus

Not alone in Eastern Europe has this cruel and degrading embargo been imposed upon the Jewish student, attended by political agitation, walk-outs, strikes, riots, bloodshed and even murder; but the poison has spread to more enlightened countries; and even to free and glorious America. A secret or open *numerus clausus* exists today in every privately controlled or endowed institution of learning throughout the civilized world; while in every fashionable boarding school or seminary so-called, in almost every highly standardized or "select" private school in the cities of the United States there is found not a *numerus clausus* but *numerus nullius*. No Jewish pupils at all are admitted except by special dispensation.

Now, we can stand social snobbery; we're used to it. We can fight the business boycott with reprisals. We know how. We can resist in more ways than one political discrimination and the injustice and prejudice of courts, juries and public officials. For we have comforted ourselves with the words of Nordau: "Todt schlagen und todtschiessen die ganze welt Der waffe von Israel ist der geist!" "Let the whole world beat and slash each other to death. The weapon of Israel is the spirit." But when that gentle

A Lasting Influence in Philanthropy

weapon of the spirit is also taken from us—disarmed because dispirited; when the doors of secular learning are slammed in the faces of our eager children; when their starving souls, as well as their starving bodies, must be fed by us alone; deprived of the spiritual food which nourishes the body politic of the native land they seek to serve—robbed of the culture which endears noble life and civic virtue; when indeed do we sink into the sullenness of despair.

Not for ourselves are these reflections. We of the passing generation can do little else now than write the closing chapters of our own lives; and prepare ourselves for whatever shadowy future may be beyond this plane. But it is for the little lives within our present keeping; it is for our children and their children who come after us, and who, God willing, may be spared some of the shafts of hatred and intolerance from which we have so long suffered. If we can make this heartless world a little less heartless in the dawn of their new day; a place of greater peace and contentment for them than it has been for us, then in God's name let us make the heroic struggle! And in God's name we are making the struggle. In five great universities, Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan and California, Jewish student bodies are now organized—culturally, socially, economically.

Contacts have been established between Jewish and non-Jewish groups with mutual sympathy and understanding.

* * *

We are helping to make of college life what it was intended to be, part of the great crucible wherein differing racial elements are ultimately blended into the ideal type of American citizenry.

Both are impressed with the truism which Lessing puts into the mouth of Nathan the Wise, so that the one may say to the other: "The human values which make of you a Christian are the same which make of me a Jew."

Our 40 per cent of acknowledged Jewish affiliation of three years ago has already advanced to over 90 per cent; and before long Hillel confidently predicts that in our initial foundation—that of the University of Illinois—the "Jewish Student Group" and the enrollment of students of the Jewish "persuasion" will virtually be interchangeable terms in college statistics.

THE Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home is B'nai B'rith's oldest philanthropic institution. Its history dates from the Annual Convention of District No. 2, in 1863, in Cleveland, when B. F. Peixotto proposed that a fund be created by annual assessment of members which could be used for charitable and educational purposes. His proposal was adopted. Four years later, at the Milwaukee Convention of District No. 2, when the fund amounted to \$10,000, the members decided to use it for the purpose of establishing an orphan asylum. In the following year, the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home was dedicated.

With a modest beginning and with limited resources, the founders and friends of the Home, through zeal and devotion, built up and gradually expanded the institution. Under the able leadership of the late Dr. Samuel Wolfenstein, it gained an international reputation as a child-caring agency and became the pride of American Jewry. Thousands of children deprived by Providence of a home of their own found welcome within the walls of the institution. It was not only a question of providing food, shelter and clothing. Here the children found a loving heart who cared for their needs and provided facilities for education and prepared them for a normal manhood and womanhood.

The most interesting feature of the influence of the home is the strong attachment that it generates between those who have been connected with it.

The present Board of Governors comprises, in addition to the old good men and women who have for decades served the institution, a large number of the younger generation who follow the steps of their departed parents, dedicating themselves to the work of mercy and particularly to the welfare of the home.

The graduates continue to feel not only their indebtedness but exhibit an affection to their alma mater, visiting the home regularly, contributing their share toward its maintenance, and are ready to serve it when service is necessary. It is only through the strong tie of the past with the present that the future of the institution is provided.

With time conditions change. New standards develop, new demands arise. The institution, so admirably functioning for over half a century is now found to be inadequate. The so-called congregate system is obsolete. The neighborhood in which the home is situated has deteriorated. A new location must be acquired, new buildings must be built.

Fortunately, with the lasting devotion of the leaders of the institution and the co-operation of the public at large, who are convinced of the great accomplishments of the Home, the new demands will be easily met.

The \$2,000,000 campaign now being conducted for the new orphan home in District No. 2 gains momentum daily, and within a short time the goal set for will be achieved.



The present congregate institution is obsolete. The neighborhood is deteriorated.

News in Views



HERE is seen a priceless exhibit of Jewish ceremonial objects of which the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati is the possessor. It is a part of the museum established in 1913 by the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods.

MR. ADOLPH S. OKO, seen at the right, is the librarian of the college and it was through his effort that the museum was augmented by the S. Kirchstein collection last year. It represents the entire cultural development of the Jews from the 16th century to the present time.



TO THE LEFT is seen the new Y. M. H. A. temple and community center of Aurora, Illinois. The majority of the members of the Y. M. H. A. are also members of Aurora Lodge, I. O. B. B.

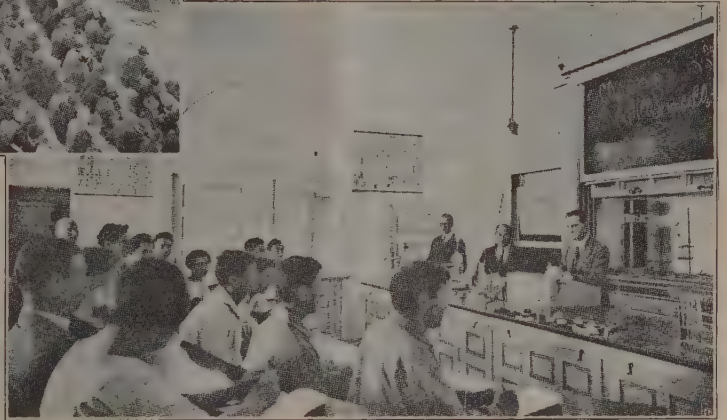
BELOW. The new life of Jewish Colonists in Russia. At twilight—the entire family of a Jewish farmer returning home after a day's hard labor on the steppes in Ukraine.





THE Jew in Palestine is making a life as well as a living. To the left is "Emek," the natural amphitheatre at the foot of the mountain. "Neither distance nor difficulty in transportation stop the colonists from coming here to enjoy a program of classic music" says Professor David Shorr the enthusiastic leader of musical education of the masses in the Holy land.

BELOW is a class in the institute of chemistry at the Hebrew University. The main task of the institute is chemical research with due regard to the special economic and scientific interests of Palestine.



A JEWISH girl, Miss Bertha Wiesel of Santa Cruz, was the California representative at the national beauty pageant in Atlantic City. Her father, Joseph Wiesel is a member of the Santa Cruz Lodge. Miss Wiesel is the first bona-fide Santa Cruz girl to receive the California title.



International Newsreel Photo



Jewish Daily Forward

TO THE LEFT—A rabbi and his followers in Jerusalem. A group of adherents to "Chassidismus" unfaltering in their traditional devotion to their leader.

BELOW. Pisgah Lodge, Detroit, has that which is rare in B'nai B'rith and of which there should be more, namely--an orchestra. The B'nai B'rith Symphony Orchestra is composed of 68 musicians. Dr. Mark Gunzburg—Director.



In the Public Eye

William Rosenau

LAST month, Baltimore Jewry celebrated the 35th anniversary of Dr. William Rosenau's service as rabbi of



William Rosenau

Oheb Sholom Congregation. Such a long service is to the glory of the congregation as well as of the rabbi. He has had a busy life in Jewry and out. Nineteen years he was a member of the Board of Education of Baltimore. He is seen

as a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, teaching Post-Biblical Literature. He is found active in the Jewish charities of Baltimore. He has found time for authorship and his writings are many. The revised edition of the Union Prayer Book is in part of his work.

Dr. Rosenau was born in Germany in 1865, received his elementary education there, was graduated from the University of Cincinnati in 1888 and a year later was ordained rabbi by the Hebrew Union College, served three years in a congregation at Omaha, went to Baltimore and has been the leader of the Jewish community there until this day.

Johns Hopkins has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon him and he is also a Doctor of Hebrew Laws by grace of the Hebrew Union College.

* * *

Solomon Solis Cohen

DR. SOLOMON SOLIS COHEN—

"a man of science, a skilled physician, a poet, in these later days a painter, an American, a Jew, a loyal friend, a man of honor—may the community be granted decades upon decades of the life of this youth of seventy."

This was the tribute paid last month to Dr. Solomon Solis Cohen



Solomon Solis Cohen

of Philadelphia by Dr. Cyrus Adler on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

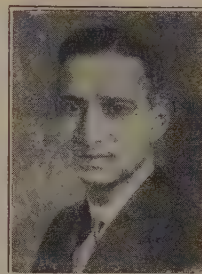
Great as a scientist, and great as a Jew. He has written with equal facility on medical subjects and on Jewish ones. We find him writing learnedly on Therapeutics of Tuberculosis and translating the poems of Gabirol, Halevi, Ben Ezra from the Hebrew as well as writing original verses.

He is active in medical schools and medical organizations and is seen also as president of the Y. M. H. A. of Philadelphia, organizer of the Mikveh Israel Congregation of that city, a delegate to the Third Zionist Congress, etc.—to say nothing of a term of service as member of the Philadelphia Board of Education. He was born in Philadelphia on September 1, 1857.

* * *

James H. Becker

EIGHT months James H. Becker was away from his business which is that of banker in Chicago. Mr. Becker's journey had largely to do with the Jews of Eastern Europe. Being a member of the executive committee of the Joint Distribution Committee, he desired to know the East European problem at first hand.



James H. Becker

He desired also that his fellow-Jews in America know their brethren in Eastern Europe better. So he made a film depicting the life of the Jewish pioneer on the farms of Southern Russia.

But this is not his first adventure among the miseries and the hopes of Eastern Europe. When, shortly after the war, to penetrate into Russia and Poland was still a perilous enterprise, Mr. Becker did it, going alone on a mission of succor to the starving Jews of those countries.

Later he went to Roumania as the first commissioner of the Joint Distribution Committee and laid there the foundation for the campaign of reconstructions. He acted then as the head of Jewish European Relief in the capacity of Director-General of the Joint Distribution Committee, and on his return was the one responsible for the renewed activities on the part of American Jewry.

He has just returned from Europe.

Benjamin N. Cardozo

LATELY a great distinction has come to Benjamin N. Cardozo, chief judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York. He has been offered a place on the Permanent Court of Arbitration.

But he took a stand that is said to be typical of his conception of his obligations to the public by whose votes he was placed in his high office as chief judge of the Court of Appeals.



Benjamin N. Cardozo

He could not take the place in the international court, he said, and added: "I felt I could not undertake the work without conflict with my work as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals."

"The Constitution of the State," he said, "excludes a judge of the Court of Appeals or a Justice of the Supreme Court from holding any other office of public trust."

"To the minds of many I might seem, in accepting membership, to be violating the command of the Constitution or to be making nice distinctions to win an honor for myself."

Benjamin Cardozo has been a judge of the Court of Appeals ten years and is renowned for his writings on law.

* * *

Henry Wisansky

MR. HENRY WISANSKY has assumed the post made vacant by the resignation of Mr. W. C. Graves, who for many years was private secretary to Mr. Julius Rosenwald and in charge of Mr. Rosenwald's philanthropic work.



Henry Wisansky

Mr. Wisansky is a graduate of Cornell University. He served as an Army Psychologist and has taken charge of Education and Recreation for the War Department at the various forts in Boston Harbor.

Recently he was connected with the Vocational Guidance Department of Boston Public Schools.

Joint Distribution Committee

Report of Activities in Poland by Felix M. Warburg, Chairman, Herbert H. Lehman, Vice-Chairman—Chairman Reconstruction and Paul Baerwold, Treasurer

"THE Joint Distribution Committee representing all classes of American Jewry was organized in the early days of the World War to administer emergency relief. According to the statements of



Felix Warburg

Loeb & Troper, Certified Public Accountants of New York City, who have acted as auditors for the Joint Distribution Committee here and abroad, this organization disbursed for relief and rehabilitation from October 26, 1914, to December 31, 1926, \$63,362,685. Of this amount, approximately \$23,000,000 were expended in Poland during the twelve years of the activities of the American Committee.

"The work of the Joint Distribution Committee in Poland naturally fell into three definite periods.

"First, the war period, 1914 to 1918. In the years preceding the Armistice, Poland together with parts of Lithuania and present Latvia formed the so-called Occupied Territories under the rule of the Central Powers. The terrific devastation wrought in Poland by the war is a matter of general knowledge. During this period the Joint Distribution Committee worked in the Occupied Territories through the agency of the most responsible Jewish philanthropic organizations. After America's entry into the war, the work was conducted through a neutral committee formed in Holland. All the funds transmitted to Poland for distribution there through representative local committees were dispatched from America with the knowledge and approval of the State Department. A large proportion of the funds was transmitted through the courtesy of the State Department itself and its accredited representatives abroad. All disbursements made during the war in this territory were in the then stable German currency. Altogether, approximately \$5,150,000 were remitted to the Occupied Territories from the United States, up to the end of 1918.

"The second period of the operations

of the Joint Distribution Committee in Poland lasted from 1919 to the summer of 1921. It was the period of the formation of the new republic of Poland, in the midst of revolution, war, epidemics and

famine. The country was flooded with hundreds of thousands of refugees, either returning to their homes or fleeing from the civil war in Russia.

"The distress in Poland during these years was far more acute than during the war itself. The American Relief Administration under Mr. Hoover expended millions of dollars appropriated by Congress for the emergency relief in Poland. The Joint Distribution Committee initiated independent activities for the relief of the Jewish population in co-operation with Mr. Hoover's organization. In fact, the first American representative of the Joint Distribution Committee to enter Poland after the Armistice, Dr. Boris D. Bogen, went there as an attache of the mission of the American Relief Administration.

"It is impossible within the compass of a few lines to indicate the frightful conditions of the Jewish population of the country. Unemployment and disease were universal phenomena. There was no stable currency. There were no stable banking facilities. All means of communication were disorganized. During 1920 the Russian invasion of Poland created a veritable catastrophe. The Polish currency was in a state of steady decline. On May 1, 1921, the value of the dollar in Warsaw was 800 Polish Marks, in October, 1921, it was 5,000, in March, 1923, 40,000 and in September, 1923, 250,000 to the dollar. During 1919, 1920 and part of 1921, the Joint Distribution Committee expended approximately \$11,500,000 in Poland. In view of the harrowing conditions it was practically impossible to conduct any so-called permanent constructive work. It was primarily a question of keeping hundreds of thousands of men, women and children alive. The relief administered



Herbert Lehman

included the distribution of shiploads of food, clothing, medical supplies and fuel sent from America and European countries. The Joint Distribution Committee contributed heavily to the children's relief work conducted under the auspices of the American Relief Administration. During 1919 alone this Committee furnished subsistence to about 300,000 children.

"In addition the Joint Distribution Committee supplied food and clothing to Jewish schools and other institutions, it furnished medical aid to Jewish children, it established milk stations and special ambulatories, it formed summer colonies for recuperation of starved and sickly children. Approximately one-half of the funds spent by the Joint Distribution Committee in Poland during this period went for child welfare work. The adult relief developed remarkable diversity. Public soup kitchens and tea stations were established. Financial subventions were granted to local educational and charitable institutions in need of repair. Cash and food allowances to tens of thousands of refugees were given. But even during this period, whenever there was a lull in the war conditions and hope was entertained of a return to normal life, the Joint Distribution Committee extended its activities beyond mere emergency relief, loan societies were established and financed. Employment bureaus were set up. Workmen were furnished tools. Small shopkeepers and traders were granted loans to enable them to resume their normal pursuits. Hospitals were furnished with instruments and medications. Legal aid and information were furnished to refugees and emigrants. War widows and war orphans protective and relief associations were financed. Various cultural institutions were subsidized. In addition to the administration of its own funds the Joint Distribution Committee received hundreds of thousands of individual remittances from residents in



Paul Baerwold

America, running into millions of dollars, for delivery to their relatives in Poland.

"The third period of the Joint Distribution Committee's work in Poland was inaugurated in July, 1921. This period may be designated as the rehabilitation period. But already at the end of 1920 the Joint Distribution Committee, being an emergency relief organization, decided to liquidate its activities. However, the frantic appeals of all the leaders of the Polish Jewry against the discontinuation of the American relief in Poland, found a ready response in the hearts of American Jews. It was decided to continue the relief abroad, but along new lines. Instead of pure emergency relief, five separate functional departments were created to conduct the activities. They were the Refugee, Child Care, Medical, Reconstruction and Cultural Committees. During the five and one-half years ending December 31, 1926, approximately \$6,350,000 have been expended in Poland. The combined specialized work of all these departments contributed to the rehabilitation of the Polish Jewry.

"The refugee problem has practically been solved. Devastated communities have been rebuilt. Loan and co-operative associations have been enabled to render invaluable assistance in the general economic rehabilitation. Hundreds of schools have been financed. More than 100,000 Jewish children in Poland alone, have been provided with schooling facilities through the Joint Distribution Committee. The medical and child care work done under American supervision was revolutionary in its character, in a country such as Poland, and introduced new standards of sanitation and hygiene.

"The question of emergency relief versus reconstructive or permanent relief is no new question to the Joint Distribution Committee. At all times has it been the desire of the Committee to do as much and as far-reaching reconstructive work as possible. It has not, however, been able to close its ears to the pleas of the starving, the homeless and the naked. Life had to be maintained and bodies and souls built up before much success could be attained by reconstructive effort. However, throughout the entire period from 1921 to the present, no possibilities of reconstructive effort have been overlooked. Artisans have been enabled to follow their trades through loans to

buy tools and implements. The tradesman has been able to make a modest livelihood through small loans to him by co-operative loan associations. Young men and women have been taught trades. Co-operative production has been encouraged and the bodies of the starved and ailing have been brought back to the strength necessary for hard work. During all this time we did not rely on long distance supervision or study of conditions from this side, but had the benefit of the services of three men of the highest standing in this community, namely Dr. Julius Goldman, Mr. Howard S. Gans and Mr. James Rosenberg, all three of whom volunteered to go abroad and remain there over a considerable period of time in order to give supervision and guidance to this work.

"Not a cent of the money so generously contributed by America was lost or diverted from the real purpose for which it was given. Had the J. D. C. altered its work because of an inevitable currency depreciation during the time the Polish mark went from 800 to the dollar to 250,000 to the dollar, or had refused to give help to the needy simply because their loans probably could not be repaid when due, they would have been inexcusably remiss both in their duty to those whom they represented here and to those unfortunates whom they were trying to succor abroad. Fortunately, we of the J. D. C. appreciated the situation and refused to pursue the cowardly course, which would probably have saved us from irresponsible criticism now voiced, but which undoubtedly would have meant the suffering and destruction of untold thousands abroad, and would have subjected us to the serious charge of sacrificing the lives of those whom the Jews of America sought to save from starvation. Our work had to be carried on under conditions created by the unprecedented calamity which had overwhelmed Eastern Europe and which had destroyed its entire economic structure, and had isolated it from the rest of the world.

"To show that we chose our course with our eyes wide open, we beg to quote the following resolution adopted after full discussion and consideration by the J. D. C. in executive session in December, 1922:

"This Committee is now, and has been since the inception of its work, fully aware of the risk of depletion of its funds through a depreciation in the currency of the various countries in which we are operating, and through

other causes. It has considered the matter from every angle and it has been faced with the following choice:

"1. To discontinue its credit activities until the currencies of the countries in which we are operating become stabilized, or

"2. To continue its work in the face of almost certain substantial loss or diminution of capital.

"It is felt that to postpone the work until economic conditions become so stable that there will be no longer wide fluctuations or depreciations in the currency would be both inconceivable and indefensible. Our funds have been given to the Joint Distribution Committee with the understanding that relief or reconstructive aid would be furnished at a time when relief or aid was urgently needed as is now the case. To postpone our work until the currency becomes stabilized would mean in all probability postponing it beyond the time when any help from American Jewry to the suffering masses abroad would be needed. Such help is obviously needed today in Russia, Poland, Roumania, Lithuania and elsewhere, and it is the opinion of the Committee that there is no doubt as to its duty in offering such help as we can even in the face of almost certain very great losses or diminution in capital. This point of view has been publicly expressed by our Chairman on many occasions at meetings and conferences of the Joint Distribution Committee, the American Jewish Relief Committee, and of gatherings of others interested in economic help abroad.

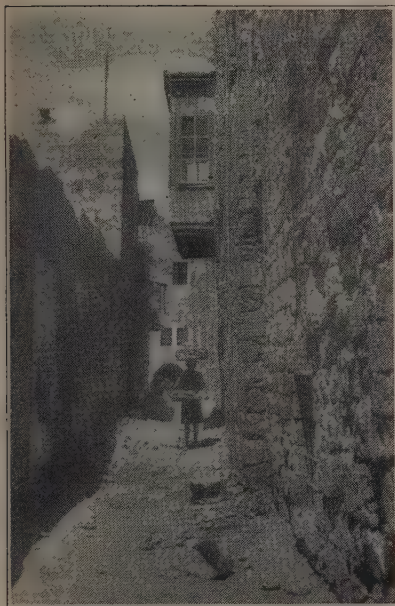
"We are proud of this decision made in 1922 and have no apologies to make of the course followed by the Committee since that time. We know from our own investigations and from the testimony of thousands of those who have been helped abroad that the work has been thoroughly worth while and that the staff here and abroad has brought to it devotion, loyalty and honest effort.

"Famine and disease and the hand of death could not be stayed until the financial downfall could be rehabilitated. We were confronted by a question of life and death and not one of making a good or bad bargain.

"The very men who are now quoted as the authority for the criticism now voiced by a single individual who does not pretend to have personal knowledge, have, in the past, indulged in the most unqualified praise and approval of the achievements of the Joint Distribution Committee."

B'nai B'rith Palestine Housebuilding Fund

By Isaiah Press



THE call for sanitary dwellings in the towns of Palestine has now been intensified following the havoc of the great earthquake on the 11th of July. The dilapidated houses in the old parts of Jerusalem, Jaffa, Ludd, Ramleh and Nablus, and likewise in the towns of Transjordan, were either completely destroyed or ruined to such an extent that the dwellers have been compelled to vacate them without hope of return. Whereas hundreds of the Arabs, Moslems and Christians, were killed, and thousands injured, by the falling buildings which buried many of them alive, the Jews, this time, miraculously escaped, only a few being slightly injured from flying debris, although very many of their houses were destroyed or sustained large fractures. If Jews were spared this time it can only be ascribed to miraculous intervention. We have only to recall the terrible catastrophe of 1837, when 3,000 Jews were killed in Safad alone, out of a total population of 4,000, and 1,000 at Tiberias, to appreciate the lucky escape of this occasion.

Yet, if the earthquake is, fortunately, not a daily phenomenon, it should, never-

theless, serve to suggest the obligation on humanitarian grounds, to assist our brethren to vacate their narrow and malodorous thoroughfares and dilapidated dwellings lacking light and air, which at the best of times conduce to sickness and disease, and which in times of epidemics see their inhabitants smitten by the score. It is a bounden duty of those, to whom Providence has meted out a better destiny, to help these unfortunate people to create for themselves and their children healthier and more comfortable living conditions, in greater proximity to the universal and powerful physician, the curer of all ills—Nature.

Of the 50,000 Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem 10,000 still dwell within the walled old city, in conditions too horrible to portray. Twenty thousand others dwell outside the city in old quarters of the town, constructed in the last century, at a time when an inefficient government ignored the hygienic needs of the inhabitants, and the people believed that air and cleanliness were superfluous, and not worth spending money on. Only 20,000 Jews live in the new city in tolerable dwellings. Even worse than the situation at Jerusalem is that at Safad, Tiberias and other places in the country.

In virtue of the above there is inestimable value in the decision of the Constitution Grand Lodge, at the Pittsburgh meeting, in April, 1923, to found the B'nai B'rith Palestine Housebuild-

ing Fund, as initiated by the Jerusalem Lodge, and to collect the sum of \$250,000, to be placed at the disposal of the Jerusalem Lodge, for the purpose of granting building loans to our brethren in Palestine on easy terms. The Executive of the Order did not content itself with merely supporting the proposition of the Jerusalem Lodge but opened up the contributions with the sum of \$25,000 from its Emergency Fund. The expectations based on this example have, however, not been realized, for the District Grand Lodges and the individual lodges, despite their favorable resolutions, passed on more than one occasion, have not shown practical results, the original donation of the executive has been augmented by only a small amount. In order that this fine enterprise may be carried out in the dimensions conceived by its sponsors, it has been included in the propaganda aims of the Wider Scope Committee and the success of this campaign will no doubt favor the B'nai B'rith Housebuilding Fund.

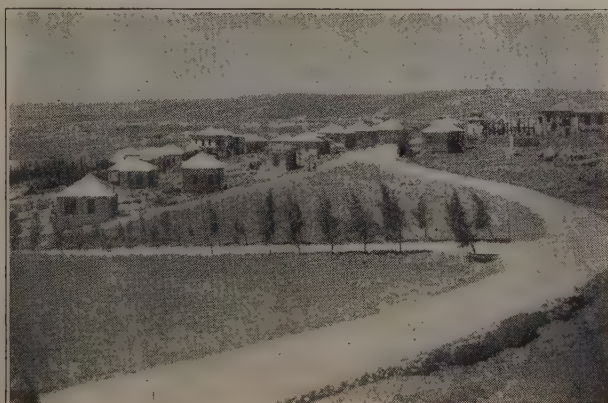
What does the B'nai B'rith Housebuilding Fund want?

The B'nai B'rith Housebuilding Fund desires to give the masses living in the Palestine towns, who have no means of their own to acquire good dwellings of their own and thereby ameliorate their life's conditions and improve their health. The Fund expects to achieve these objects by the following ways:

1. By granting loans for long periods and on convenient terms for building houses in suitable places. By paying on the loans annual installments not exceeding the rentals which they have at present to pay away, the houses will with time pass into the complete ownership of the builders.

2. By carefully supervising the building and arrangement of the houses to ensure their being constructed along modern hygienic lines.

3. By obliging the recipients of loans to arrange on their plots a miniature farm (trees, vegetables, poultry, etc.) so as to accustom them gradually to a natural life and to obtain by their own labor, part of their household needs.



Earnest Efforts—Completing Campaign

Honorable Abram I. Elkus Acting as Honorary Chairman Enthusiastically Leading Movement in New York

THE return of President Alfred M. Cohen from abroad, his message from the foreign lodges and the description of their devotion to the cause gives new impetus to the efforts of the Wider Scope Committee.

District No. 1 is energetically proceeding with their organization. The General Committee of the District is scheduled to meet in Springfield, Massachusetts, on October 8th. This will be the call for active service. Representatives from various localities will formally assume their quotas and campaigns will be initiated without delay. Appointments of local chairmen have already been made and will be announced soon.

Brother Maurice P. Davidson postponed his proposed trip to Europe in order to serve the campaign and speed the progress of the endeavors. Hon. Abram I. Elkus, who is Honorary Chairman of the Wider Scope Committee, has issued a call to prominent men of the community to serve on the committee of fifty. The leaders of the Wider Scope movement in Chicago have appealed to their friends in New York City to lend a helping hand to the new program of B'nai B'rith.

Five hundred leading men of the cloak and suit industry have promised their co-operation. From all over the country similar efforts are being made to corral forces in the metropolis.

* * *

DISTRICT NO. 2 is determined to finish its quota before Thanksgiving Day. In the State of Missouri, Kansas City is the only remaining locality which has not yet had its campaign. There, as in other places in the District, the Wider Scope Campaign will be united with that for the Jewish Orphan Home.

Ben M. Achtenberg, President of District No. 2 and Phil Schayer, leader in the Jewish Orphan Home, are now at work on the plans for the Campaign in Missouri to be held in the middle of November.

In Indiana the joint campaign is under the leadership of Brother Louis Borinstein. Mr. Isidore Feibleman, the vice-president of the District, is co-chairman. At the State Convention, which was held in Hammond on Sunday, September 18th, representatives

from the various localities enthusiastically assumed the responsibility of raising a quota of \$200,000 for the State.

Joseph Cohen is the Chairman of the State of Kansas. Committees there are hard at work arranging for drives in the four or five municipalities where Jews reside. At Kansas City, Kansas, on account of its proximity to its namesake, will raise funds simultaneously with Kansas City, Missouri.

There are still a few communities in Ohio where campaigns are to be held in the next few weeks. Everything is under the guidance of the State Chairman, Brother Sidney G. Kusworm.

While in Kentucky, Louisville has done its share, the rest of the State is still to be heard from. Rabbi Gittleman is determined to visit all communities in the States which have not yet subscribed.

Emil Mayer, Chairman of the District, is confident that the Lodges under his jurisdiction will not only continue to lead but will set an example in over-subscribing their quotas.

* * *

A GREAT awakening is evinced in District No. 3. The State of New Jersey under the leadership of Brother Siegler, is launching a joint campaign for the Wider Scope and the Menorah. The co-Chairman is Mr. Joseph Kraemer. Mr. Samuel Kaufman is the Vice-Chairman representing the Inter-collegiate Menorah Association and Mr. William M. Unterman is the Vice-Chairman representing the Wider Scope Committee.

Recently a conference was held in Atlantic City of representatives of the District and it was unanimously decided to resume activities immediately in behalf of the Wider Scope Committee. Judge Leopold L. Glass of the Municipal Court, was made Chairman of the campaign committee in Philadelphia. Judge Glass said, "The Hillel Foundation is bringing forward the Jewish student and making him a more prominent part of the Jewish life of the University."

Mr. Joseph H. Matz of Paterson, N. J., accepted the Chairmanship of the Wider Scope Committee for that city. The quota for the State has been fixed at \$75,000.

Judge Joseph L. Kun, of the Common Pleas Court, spoke of the wonder-

ful influence of the B'nai B'rith abroad and of the fact that the finest elements in Jewry consider it a privilege to belong to the Order. His feeling is that work among the Jewish university students in America will help revitalize both American Jewry and the B'nai B'rith.

* * *

INTENSIVE campaigns are now being conducted in District No. 4. In Portland, Oregon, the funds to be raised are included in the budget of the organizations of a non-local chest of Portland Federated Jewish Societies.

In Los Angeles the drive has been completed, the campaign there being combined with the United Palestine Appeal, the United Jewish Campaign, and almost a dozen other national institutions. The work was carried on under the Chairmanship of Henry W. Louis with Mr. I. Irving Lipsitch as Campaign Director.

In San Francisco a similar arrangement was consummated. The drive was begun on September 29th. It is known as the drive of the National Jewish Welfare Fund of San Francisco. The total quota is \$280,000 for the year 1927. It included 25 various causes. The President of the fund is Moses A. Gunst. This year's campaign is in the hands of Lloyd Dinkelspiel, campaign director, and the campaign committee, among other prominent people, comprises Brothers Harry K. Wolff, Maurice I. Rapheld, Leon Sloss, Jr., and I. W. Hellman.

* * *

DISTRICT NO. 5 is enthusiastically following the arrangements decided upon at their last District gathering at Virginia Beach. Campaigns are inaugurated in Virginia and South Carolina. In the other states preparations are made for intensive campaigns during October and November.

* * *

A GREAT deal of work has already been accomplished in District No. 6 and there is still much to be done to complete their quota. News from various localities indicate that efforts are being made to resume their activities.

Brother Albert H. Heller has been appointed Vice-Chairman in Minneapolis.

B'NAI B'RITH WIDER SCOPE CAMPAIGN

A few of the leaders of District No. 3



The National Headquarters of the Wider Scope Committee, 40 Electric Bldg., Cincinnati, is open to receive individual donations. This appeal is not limited to members. The Cause of the Wider Scope Committee concerns itself with every family, every community in American Jewry. The results of the work of the Wider Scope Committee are seen in the revival of Jewish ceremonies in the home and in the creation of youthful Jewish leaders through the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations at universities and the Aleph Zadik Aleph, the Junior Order of B'nai B'rith.

The Printed Page

The Famine in Soviet Russia, by H. H. Fisher. (MacMillan Company.)

THE author, as the head of the Historical Department of the American Relief Association, had access to the official reports and records and in addition to that assembled rich material of historic value from other sources, utilizing also his personal contact with the active workers in the field.

The book presents a vivid account of the sufferings of the Russian people, their helplessness and at the same time their own misdoings that made the situation still more tragic. Above all, the reader cannot help but be thrilled with the remarkable figure of the leader of all these enterprises, Herbert Hoover—the efficiency genius, the man with a broad vision. Setting aside all other considerations he proceeded with his plan of feeding the hungry and saving millions of children from starvation notwithstanding the almost insurmountable difficulties, unnecessary and provoking opposition on the part of those who should welcome the relief offered.

The author acknowledges in his introduction that because of lack of space, no attempt was made to give a detailed account of the considerable activities of other foreign relief agencies. However, a number of pages are devoted to the activities of the Joint Distribution Committee. Mention is made of the Joint Distribution Committee in Russia before the American Relief Association entered the field—this relief was directed exclusively for victims of pogroms. It tells in detail the initiative of the Joint Distribution Committee in the investigation of Ukraine and it favorably comments upon the work of Col. Grove, under whose leadership about a million children were fed in that territory.

The book is full of detailed description. The material is thoroughly authentic though here and there a different interpretation may be given to the facts presented. The chronological order and perhaps the lack of one leading thought throughout the book makes it difficult for the reader to grasp the subject as a whole and to visualize the picture of Russia during the Famine years, and the Samaritan work of the American Relief Association.

The book is undoubtedly a creditable contribution to the history of American Social Service—a record worthwhile preserving.

B. D. B.

Ordeal by Glory, by James Marshall. (McBride & Co.)

AN interesting story, well told, is "Ordeal by Glory." The author took incidents in the life of Governor Altgeld and wove them into a novel.

The story starts with the days immediately preceding the civil war. There are graphic pictures of men and women, whose life burdens are not too heavy, for pausing to think and talk of the slavery problem. There are those who foresee that white blood will have to wipe out the blot of black serfdom.

Among those who hate slavery is John Hoyer, a mere boy at the time, but a boy destined to become governor of a great commonwealth. It is the tracing of the career of this farm boy, whose father had forgotten "the foolishness of forty-eight in Germany" that makes up the story. The characterization of the hero is excellent, as is that of Mary, whom John Hoyer marries. The one great sorrow in their life is their childless home. Their love has the sweetness and wholesomeness which characterize normal human beings. The tenderness of John Hoyer for his mother, and her understanding of him, give the story something one misses in the type of thing turned out as ultra modern.

Mr. Marshall should be heard from again. A man who can write both in the mood and the style in which this novel is done must have much more to give the world. The son of a great Jew, the author surely must have some Jewish impressions which will sooner or later find expression in some work portraying Jewish life.

OSCAR LEONARD.

"Just Folks," by Mitchell Kaplan. Translated from the Yiddish. (Jewish-American Literary and Dramatic Guild, New York City.)

SOME ten years ago there appeared at irregular intervals in the better Yiddish journals certain very interesting and poignant ballads, which dealt for the most part with the life of New York's East Side; and the author of these arresting poems was one Mitchell Kaplan. Not a few of these selections attained wide popularity and

came to be included in the repertoire of a number of Yiddish recitalists. It therefore seemed strange to many that Mr. Kaplan, in view of the unquestioned success of his lyrics, should have suddenly lapsed, as he did, into silence. And this regrettable silence—regrettable to this reviewer, at least—has continued unbroken, down to the present time. The volume under review represents a highly commendable effort to introduce Mr. Kaplan's work to a new group of readers, for whom the poems are not available in the original Yiddish.

It must of course be confessed that practically all of the poems, as far as such matters as rhythm, diction and rhyme are concerned, are indeed crude. This, however, is to be expected, inasmuch as the author makes no pretensions to elegance or delicacy of expression: with him substance is a far more vital consideration than form. He writes because he has a vital message to deliver; there are certain feelings and moods in him which *must* be voiced. Consequently there is a moving spontaneity in his lines that irresistibly attracts and holds. It is thus for other and far different qualities than those of mere artistry that one reads these poems. A depth of insight is here companioned by a bitter ironicism of viewpoint that cannot help but arrest. The immigrant has in many cases been harshly disillusioned by his new environment on this soil; and it is this feeling of frustration and disillusion which Mr. Kaplan especially seeks to impart in these poetic narratives. You are caught up and carried away by the undoubted sincerity of the words, their fidelity to actual life, their disarming simplicity. Our poet, however, seems to be picking no quarrel with fate; overcome by the hopelessness of his predicament, he simply bewails his plight.

To those who know anything at all of the life described in the pages, these poems will be pregnant with more than usual meaning and significance. Such persons will, moreover, be quick to perceive and appreciate the homely and unpretentious manner of the lyrics; and they will rejoice in the absence of anything of an over-sentimental or banal nature.

RALPH ALFRED HABAS.

Repartee in the Talmud

By A. A. Roback



TO DEAL with the whole subject of wit in the Talmud would involve about as much of a task as discussing the words of Latin origin in the English dictionary; and it is therefore necessary to split up the field into several parcels. Elsewhere I have already treated of the comic in the Talmud, confining myself to the lower level of humor, puns, cynical remarks and utterances; as well as acts, bordering on the grotesque.



A. A. Roback

The seamy side of the Talmud, however, is its minor portion.

Its wit and wisdom far exceeds it, but not all wisdom comes under the head of wit, although writers on this topic have almost taken it for granted that the two terms are synonymous, and under the rubric of it have retailed many anecdotes and aphorisms that are only remotely connected with humor.

The sense of humor varies of course, with different individuals; and perhaps the Talmudic passages paraphrased in the short essay on Humor in the Talmud in Isaac's *Stories from the Rabbis* will strike many readers as humorous. To my mind only one or two incidents described therein have a faint semblance of the comic, or rather in this case, the droll.

The *bon-mots* of the Talmud are legion, but they lack the Gallic flavor of *point* (pointedness). Even this eulogy of the progeny of certain flour woman (rendered freely) is hardly more than a pun:

"Not all meal is flour, but the flour of Kimchis is the flower of manhood" (literally "fine flour"). (Yoma, folio 38.)

For the most part, the humorous references are, strange to say, unwittingly made, some apparently intended in all seriousness. At present it will often be said of an energetic quibbler who will whitewash the most sordid act, "er is m'taer a Sheretz b'kan taamim" (literally, "he purifies a reptile by 150 reasons"), yet the story is told of a pious disciple in Jamnia who actually distinguished himself by such ingenuity. (*Erubin*, folio 13, Col. 2.)

Another more intentional allusion, however, reads "If Rabbi has not studied, how do you expect Chia to have the information?" In other words, if the master is ignorant, *a fortiori*, the pupil—certainly not a logical conclusion, but effective as a fencing stroke.

The Talmudists were especially brilliant in the use of similes and other figures of speech, their comparisons often showing what a fund of imagination they possessed and how aptly they could apply it to gain their purpose.

There are indeed to be found in the Rabbinical writings a few sayings which affect the risibilities; proverbs such as "The ass feels cold even in the summer solstice" or "The ass went to market to purchase horns and got his ears cut off," but it is in the repartee that the Jewish sense of humor finds its most typical expression. The pristine quality of Jewish wit has persisted to this day through the centuries, appearing often in the garb of sarcasm to which the repartee is a cousin germane, albeit of a more agreeable variety.

The repartee, as we all know, is an answer to a provocative question or statement which turns the shaft, boomerang fashion, against its own user. The proper reply to an importunate, perverse or malicious questioner is worth more than ten arguments; and in the days when the Jewish nation was subject to all conceivable whims of its oppressors, the presence of mind of a distinguished Rabbi would save the people many a trying experience.

It is told for instance, that on one occasion, the Roman emperor, addressing Rabbon Gamliel, in a bantering mood, insisted that the God of the Jews was a thief, for he stole a rib from Adam to create Eve. But the accomplished daughter of Rabbon Gamliel was equal to the occasion, and begging permission to answer the emperor, she told of burglars who broke into their house and stole from them a silver jug. Could Caesar not name a judge before whom the case might be tried? As the emperor was about to ask for more details the dauntless maiden continued, "But they left us a golden one in its place."

"I wish," the emperor said, taking the joke good-naturedly, "such robbers visited my palace every night."

"And was it not good," she added, "that instead of the rib taken from Adam, a servant was given him to wait on him?" (*Sanhedrin*, fol. 39, Col. 2.)

Rabbi Tanchum did not fare so well with his emperor, although his repartee was less dramatized, and as profound a remark as was ever made dealing with the question of assimilation. As an answer it was simply a masterpiece, the *motif* of which is still alive today.

"Come now, let us be one people," said the august Roman to the sage, an invitation which the Jew has heard countless times since the captivity and beginnings of the diaspora.

"Agreed," replied Rabbi Tanchum, somewhat to the astonishment of the emperor, "but you see, we being circumcized cannot possibly become like you; if, however, you all become *B'nai B'rith*, we should all be alike, in this respect at any rate.

"Well answered!" exclaimed the emperor, "but the Roman law is that whoever outwits his ruler and reduces him to silence, shall be cast to the lions," whereupon the Rabbi was thrown into the den, but the lions did not so much as approach him. (*Ibid.*)

Sometimes the repartee would have to be carried out in action, as in the case of the perverse Persian who exasperated Rav by asking him how he could prove that an Aleph was an Aleph, and then when this dignitary gave him up as a bad job went to pester Samuel in the same way, but the latter, who was more of a scientist than his equally great contemporary, exhibited greater patience, and was prepared to see the proof through. Perhaps it was because of Samuel's proficiency in mathematics and astronomy that he was successful, or perhaps it was due to his sense of humor, for when his pupil "from Missouri" continued his procedure with the other letters of the alphabet, saying, "Beth? how can you prove that this is Beth? How can you prove that this is Gimel?" Samuel took hold of his ear and twinged it so severely that the Persian began to moan. "Oh! Oh! My ear! My ear!"

"What, your ear?" said the master. "How can you prove that this is your ear?"

"Prove? Why, what a question? rejoined the Persian. "Everybody calls it 'ear.'"

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"Exactly, and this letter everyone calls 'Aleph,'" retorted Samuel.

But the brilliant repartee is not peculiar to the sages, the leaders of Jewry. Even the common people, and what is more interesting, the children are occasionally referred to in the Talmud as endowed with a goodly portion of wit.

Toward the end of the tract of *Erubin*, Rabbi Joshua ben Chananiah speaks of never having been baffled by any one in his life but by a woman and two youngsters, the one a little boy and the other a little girl. The woman had been his hostess and apparently had prepared some tasty meals for him with the result that he left nothing in the plate. The third time she put too much salt in the food so he did not eat after tasting it and, on being asked about his seeming loss of appetite, explained that he had already eaten during the day.

"Rabbi," the lady said, "perhaps it is because you have not left any *peah* (the Law commands to leave a certain portion of all edibles as a sort of tax to God*) on the former occasions, that you are making up all at one time?"

As to the little girl, Rabbi Joshua tells us that on one occasion he was walking on a road close to a field, and seeing a path that traversed the field, he took that path.

"Is this not a meadow?" queried a little girl who happened to be close by.

"No," replied the Rabbi. "I am walking on a beaten path."

"Sure," said the child indignantly, "robbers like you have made it a beaten path."

The lad whom Rabbi Joshua mentioned was perhaps more mischievous than righteous, yet the famous scholar appreciated the joke. While on a journey, the Rabbi noticed a small boy sitting at the parting of the roads and asked him which was the road to the city.

His reply was, "This road here is long but short, while the other is short but long." "I took the short road which was nevertheless long," related Rabbi Joshua, "and found it so surrounded by gardens and parks that I had to turn back to the starting-point.

"My boy," I said to him, "did you not tell me that was the shorter one?"

"And Rabbi," said he, "did not I

*From our modern viewpoint, the rationale of the laws of *leket* and *peah* is to encourage charity and to discourage greed by the injunction of a rigid self-discipline, even where the portion left over is certain to be wasted, for in those days hash and other such re-incarnated dishes had not yet been invented.

also tell you that that road was at the same time the longer one?"

A retort more to the point and savoring of the typical repartee was given by a little girl who was carrying a basket the top of which was covered. One of the celebrated scholars perhaps merely to engage the child in conversation asked her what she was carrying.

"Do you think," the alert girl replied, "my mother would have covered the basket if she wanted everybody to know what's in it?"

One could go on citing repartee after repartee from the Talmud enough to fill many pages, but those adduced here are sufficient to illustrate the knack of the ancient Jew for clever "come-backs." It has often been contended that the Jews, because of their precarious condition among their neighbors, were constrained to cultivate this presence of mind in accordance with the law of adaptation or the principle of the survival of the fittest.

An examination of the Talmud for the purpose of fathoming the Jewish sense of humor would prove that mother wit is as much a native trait of the tribe of Israel as is their emotionality, obstinacy and singleness of purpose.

The Irish too are noted for their repartee, perhaps even in a greater measure than the Jews; and a comparison of the types of humor of these two people would be a fascinating study, but meanwhile it is enough to say that the Irish repartee is a much less conscious affair. It contains perhaps more humor, but it is not intended to convince. It lacks the directness. We may think of it in feminine usage as a cunning remark.

Naturally the intellectual level of the person, the age, the environment are all factors in the development of a certain type of repartee. Yet the repartee is remarkably universal, and as for intellect, it is well known that while the foundations of a liberal education will be an aid to a person endowed with the knack of repartee, it does not necessarily follow that there is a correlation between high intelligence or even culture and the ability to strike back effectively and wittily.

Among national wielders of this oral weapon, the Jews and the Irish rank highest, with certain individuals among the former excelling in the range and significance of their retorts. These individuals shall not be named until we come to their actual utterances.

Max Liebermann

By Dr. Israel Auerbach



(Max Liebermann is the dean of German artists. His eightieth birthday was recently celebrated by all Germany and brought forth congratulatory expressions from lovers of art the world over. The following article by Dr. Auerbach is an analysis of Liebermann's attitude and method. It puts him in his place as an artist, a man, a German and a Jew.)

ON THE 20th of July, Max Liebermann was eighty years old. Thus, according to the psalmist, he has attained the furthest meridian of human life. His work, however, does not betray the slightest sign of it. It has remained fresh and young and "glorious as on the first day." Like Holy Writ, in speaking of the one hundred and twenty-year-old Moses, the art world may say of Liebermann: "His eye is not dim nor his natural force abated!" Work after work leaves his gifted hand and neither quantity nor quality show any evidence of exhaustion. None of his pictures is a pause or a farewell; on the contrary, each, like its predecessors, is a transition period, an introduction, a new beginning which we can feel is coming. Truly, he is like a mighty, heaven-endowed natural well in constant flow, to whom rest is only relative to its endless motion. Happy are the age, the country, the community, the class, to which Liebermann belongs.

Does this artist belong to time? No. He breaks through its bounds. His art traverses epochs and is in itself epoch-making. He passed through naturalism of which he was a strong pillar. Enthusiastically he took up impressionism and united it with the former into an indissoluble unit. He

strode through expressionism, rejecting it bluntly and avoiding the crassness and extremeness of its form, but with the proud consciousness that his naturalistic impression contained sufficient soul expression. One of his admirers very aptly compared him to a rock on the seashore which is washed by many a wave but which each receding wave leaves unchanged, strong, and sparkling on the beach.

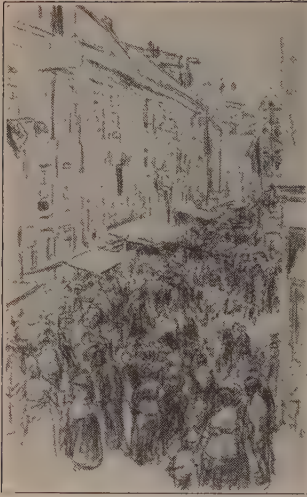
Does this artist belong to his country? Naturally he is German, not only geographically, but also by nature and in substance. His unshaken gravity, the evenness of his course, the selflessness and conscientiousness of his work naturally place him in the same class with Schadow and Adof Menzel. However, this man and artist knows no boundaries. Holland and France, rather than his own native country, are his fatherlands in art. He lives in a far wider world of God and men. He carries this world into his native land by bringing his cosmopolitan art to Germany; and he carries his country into the great world by winning recognition in it for German art.

Does he belong to his racial and religious community? Just recently, has he joyfully announced, as he has so often done before, that he has remained loyal to the faith of his fathers. And many a pithy remark of his shows how proud he is of his Jewish origin. "The terrible thing about it," he wrote recently, "is that the Jews had no pride and it is the lack of this that makes them so despicable." And, in speaking of anti-Semitism, he expressed himself thus: "They respect the individual Jew so that they might all the more stupidly condemn the whole of Jewry. I consider it as the greatest insult to be told: 'Oh, if all the Jews were like you!'" However, it can not be said that he belongs to his race. As an artist, he shows no preference for Jewish types or objects; and when he does treat Jewish subjects, he does not consider them as symbols of the Jewish race, but as speci-

mens of nature's creation "man" (as in his "Samson and Delilah"), or as studies in light, or of motion and color (as in his countless Amsterdam "Jewish Streets" which he constantly paints and sketches.) One looks in vain in his style of painting for really typical Jewish characteristics. But if we must rejoice in him, in this great son of the Jewish race, we can do so only for the power and depth of his universalism which after all is the basis and goal of the Jewish racial nature.

Still other groups have sought to lay claim to Liebermann: His native town, Berlin, and his social caste, the middle class. But these claims are just as vain. Undoubtedly Liebermann's nimbleness, his cool deliberateness, his frequent use of dialect, and his wit are typical of Berlin; but, in his work, which surely is the most articulate expression of the inner man, there is no trace of his native city, neither of its metropolitan life nor of its environs, both of which are but seldom found in his paintings. Neither does he remain within the confines of the class of which he, as the son of a Jewish patrician family which came from East Germany, is such a glorious and classical example. A pair of portraits are all that is artistically reminiscent of it. His brush rather belongs to other classes of human society: to the peasant on the soil, to the laborer, in short to the man who, in his hard daily toil, exerts all the strength of body to obtain the bare necessities of life. However, this is in no way the expression of socialistic views or because of any inner spiritual bond. He observes man merely as an artist; and he finds him more versatile, more active, more in-





tense, and more productive among the classes who do physical labor, whether in nature's solitude or in the rhythm of mass activity,—than among the thinking or prosperous classes.

For the same reason, and for none other, Liebermann has so often gone to the great animal kingdom for subjects for his brush. The motive here is not the humane feeling for the weaker creature, but rather joy in the careless play of the animal's limbs, in the expression of its peculiar, mysterious being, in its structure and motion. His paintings of goats and horses are the most perfect of his work—we might mention here his "Riders on the Strand" or the "Old Woman with the Goats." Perhaps what is most interesting in his interplay and counter play of man and beast, in which line, motion and spirit are in such remarkable harmony and contrast. Thus, this painter goes beyond the boundaries, not only of land, race, and class, but also those of the kingdom of nature. His soul is as much captivated by the beauties and harshness of trees, seas, flowers, of the solitude of field and dune, as by the eternal wonders of man and beast.

In the face of this great candor and true greatness, human hate, anti-semitism, when it manifests itself, seems

unspeakably small and insignificant. That pair of anti-Semitic Philistines in the Berlin City Council, who sought to oppose Liebermann's appointment as an honorary citizen of his native city, have sunk into merited oblivion. Their action was the more reprehensible as the whole country, from the president of the Reich (whom Liebermann had only recently painted) to the poorest laborer, tried to outdo each other in paying homage to him. There was no longer any question of party affiliations or of creeds; such unanimous tribute was seldom paid in Germany even to a great non-Jew. The period, which was horrified by Liebermann's art, because it "sinks to the gutter," that pinchbeck, pseudo-artistic period of Wilhelm II, is now no more, while the art of the Reich is permanent. How well established it is, is conclusively proven by the three exhibitions which were



held in honor of his jubilee: the exhibition of 100 paintings, that of the 80 pastels, and that of the 275 sketches (all of which are only a part of his much greater output), of which a few are reproduced here.

He who would know the soul of this artist must know all these three spheres: the severe, almost ascetic oil paintings, the soft pastels, the delicate, fleeting crayon and charcoal drawings. Max Liebermann's art is not intended for the masses. Neither sensations nor emotional explosions are to be found there. His art betrays an extremely virile and reserved nature of a discoverer and conqueror. He is the discoverer and conqueror of the spiritual-sensuous aspect of the world, which he

wrests from the Creator in order to recreate it and bring it forth. But the artist, himself, his innermost, his sorrows and his affections, his desires and his self-denial do not appear in his work. He is above the feminine vanity of holding up the mirror to himself. What does the world care about his personal experience! He sets up a wall between himself and the object. He wants to represent the object, as it is, its outward appearance and its innermost, without and not its distorted reflection in the mirror of sentiment. That does not mean that the subjects are treated and reproduced in an unfeeling manner, by no means, but only that the feeling must be artistic and not sentimental; the imagination which animates this feeling must also be artistic. He possesses both these faculties in the greatest measure and they produce marvels of perfection. It is doubtful if any other human eye was

so penetrating as to find motion in the repose of things and creatures (Liebermann usually draws things in repose); or, whether any one else, in representing motion, captured so completely and absolutely the impression of eternal rest. This remarkable syncretism of rest and motion, which perhaps finds its strongest expression in the "Old Woman with the Goats" and in the self-portraits, raises this modern artist to the region of the classics where

he will remain unforgettable and will enrich art for generations to come.



His Second Failure

By Mary Fagin

HEV L HAVOLIM; all is vanity," quietly, as if to himself, he often murmured at the gatherings. At this, his wife would usually shake her head, a sign of sympathetic understanding. And long, dreary days came and went. And there were more gatherings, and more stories, and more dreary days in the "excluded" room at Ellis Island.

In the "excluded" room people spoke of nothing but loneliness, anxiety, misery and depression. It was a large room filled with benches, tables and aliens—hundreds of aliens. Some impatiently waiting for good news from Washington; some anxiously waiting for relatives detained at the hospital; some fearfully awaiting deportation; some there were who for hours would sit by themselves, faces buried in their hands; others hummed a melancholy tune; still others cried quietly; and some there were who gathered in groups and relieved their burdened hearts by talking.

The cantor and his wife talked little. But once, on the dreariest day of all, they talked a great deal; and their faces talked more than their lips. Interesting faces they had, this husband and wife. They changed with the changes in the mood of the stories. They were young and yet old looking faces; or rather, old and yet young. It was hard to tell which. And he talked most on that dreariest day. His pale, gloomy face harmonized with the gray thick clouds that had gathered on that day; and his voice had the sound of the heavy rain drops that pounded on the window panes of the "excluded" quarters.

"And of all troubles, my husband had to sing before the board this morning." A faint splash of color and a bitter smile played on the chiseled features of the prematurely-lined face.

"Sing? What do you mean?" came a voice from among the listeners.

"Sing . . ." he grinned, and his face grew heavy. He forced a smile. "Yes, I sang this morning and I failed. This is my second failure. Two failures in my life." He raised two fingers to indicate the number of his failures. He lowered his eyes and mumbled: "*Hevl havolim*." And suddenly, as if awakening, he looked at his wife whose eyes were misty and sad. "Let me see," he

said, "I nearly came to have three failures. Remember?" And turning to his listeners he related how his parents had objected to his marrying his wife. He, who was to be one of the greatest rabbis, should marry a girl of an inferior lineage! His wife's family had not boasted rabbis. And his parents had threatened them both with the worst of threats. But youth feared no rebuffs and his wife was his. And happy he was that she was his. He had sacrificed his rabbinical career, but his calling was singing, anyway. His wife had discovered that.

"Your voice, as I heard it at the conservatory, will forever be ringing in my ears," she interrupted, looking at him wistfully.

Dark were the faces of the listeners, dark and solemn. The rain came down harder and harder, the clouds rolled heavier and heavier. It was the dreariest day of all.

"In the conservatory . . ." he said quietly. His melancholy eyes stared into the distance. There was pain in his face. "Yes, I too, can hear that voice. It was different from today's, wasn't it?" He looked at his wife. "That was my first failure, twenty years ago. Let us see, I was twenty-two then." He bit his lips and looked out the window.

"And how he sang then!" his wife exclaimed.

There were sighs among the gathered immigrants.

"Yes, but what was the use?" he continued. "The percentage of Jews admitted was so small. I was told to come next year and the next, and the

next, and so on. It was all in vain, the percentage of Jews admitted was decreased every year. But I liked singing and so I became a cantor, just a plain *chazan*."

"A famous cantor!" corrected his wife.

"Yes, I was a good *chazan*," he said unassumingly, "but I haven't sung for quite some years. Yes, for eight years the ears of the Jews have been stopped up with sores and they couldn't listen to singing. . . . Well, today, was my second failure and back we will have to go. You see!" he tried to explain to questioning eyes, "the percentage of the quota of our nationality is filled and I can't be exempt as a cantor, my singing was poor. Well . . ."

"Oh, don't say that!" his wife objected. "Your singing today will also be ringing forever in my ears. But a different memory that will be."

"Don't, please don't!" he protested.

But she went on: "He sang *Kol Nidre*. I shut my eyes not to face the humiliation thrust upon him. Just imagine, to sing before a handful of people most of whom did not understand a word of what he was singing, in a stuffy little room, and the rain beating time on the window panes, and tears choking his voice."

"That's it," he added. "Tears choking my voice. I could not sing . . . I made a mistake. I should not have tried to sing *Kol Nidre* . . ."

The visiting hours were over. The men were returning to their own quarters. He got up.

"*Hevl havolim*," he murmured as he left the room.



His melancholy eyes stared into the distance

B'nai B'rith in Orient



THE history of the Oriental District goes back forty years. On January 16, 1887, Siegmund Simmel founded the first lodge at Cairo, this was "Maimonides Lodge." A year later, Wilhelm Herzberg, the poet of the "Judische Familien-papiere" transplanted the Order in Palestine. In 1892 Herzberg, who was the Palestinian delegate at the B'nai B'rith Convention at Cincinnati, was able to inform that body of three institutions established by "Yerushalayim Lodge": an evening school for adults, the Midrash Abravanel (the corner-stone of the national library today), and the model colony, Moza near Jerusalem.

In 1911, the Oriental voyage of Siegmund Bergel of Berlin gave a new impetus to the Order. On May 11, 1911, he had the satisfaction of seeing the founding of the Grand Lodge of the Oriental District. From that day to this, the Grand Lodge has been governed by the energetic Joseph Niego (formerly director of the agricultural school at Mikveh Israel, near Jaffa, and later the Turkish representative of the Jewish Colonization Association.)

The District comprised no less than five countries: Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey with Syria, Palestine and Egypt. This diversity of countries presented a great difficulty for united work, for the languages of the lodges were, in accordance with their geographical situation, Spanish, German, or Serbian, Bulgarian, French, Hebrew, Turkish or Arabic. The uniting medium was the French language which was used everywhere; it also was the language of the ritual, except in Palestine, where Hebrew was used, and at Salonica, where a ritual was permitted in the Ladino (Judeo-Spanish dialect.)

The World War was an unfortunate period. Relations between the various countries were disrupted, for the censorship was an obstacle to these relations. The Grand Lodge was left without funds; a great number of lodges were obliged to close their doors temporarily, because a great number of the members were in the army, or had fled, or had been taken prisoners. Certain lodges had ceased their work on account of military decrees. Still the

B'nai B'rith ideals were alive everywhere. The war had hardly ended when the links in the broken chain were reunited.

The establishment of women's lodges was something new in the Order. In 1923, the first women's lodge, under the name of 'Miriam' was founded at Constantinople.

In 1924, Palestine was raised to the dignity of an independent district, the fifteenth.

The progress of the Oriental District then was as follows: 1914, 24 lodges with 1,037 members (Palestine being included); 1924, 30 lodges with about 2,000 members; 1926, 25 lodges with about 1,600 members (Palestine not included), and three women's lodges with about 150 members.

In the Orient, the Order has gained universal confidence by its social service of which it gave proof from the very first, during the war and other catastrophes such as the fire in the Balat district, the devastating earthquake on the banks of the Marmara, in alleviating the distress caused by the cholera and by the two Balkan wars; all these misfortunes found the Order on the job. The Central Relief Committee was created during 1916 according to the plan and at the insistence of the Grand Lodge of the Orient. This committee supported the families of soldiers, took care of war widows and orphans, established public kitchens (in Constantinople there were five of these), maintained schools, organized branches at Brusa, Smyrna, Aleppo, Beirut, Damascus, Bagdad, at the Dardanelles, and at Adrianople, took care of the refugees and established communications between these unfortunates and their families abroad. A campaign organized under the auspices of the Grand Lodge brought, in one hour, a quarter of a million marks. Fifty thousand Jews were aided in all, by this Central Committee. Its influence made itself felt even after the war, for it founded such solid institutions as: An orphanage with about 2,000 war orphans, the "Jewish Emigrant Aid Office" for emigrants to Palestine and America, and the "Loan Office," a savings and loan association at Constantinople with branches at Adrianople, and Smyrna, which is popularly known as the "B'nai B'rith Bank" and which is directed by the Grand

Lodge President, Brother Niego. For the past five years, the District has been publishing a magazine "Hamenorah" (in French, Hebrew and Turkish.)

In 1914 the Grand Lodge, at the suggestion of Brother Moretzky, began its social service program by co-operating in the formation of an international committee for the combatting of the white slave traffic, at Constantinople.

In 1915, in the midst of the war, "Constantinople Lodge" founded its high school, "Jabneh" which comprises 650 pupils of both sexes, Smyrna followed suit with an institution having 536 students, and then Salonica. The very new lodge at Athens opened an elementary school, the Cairo lodges undertook an apprentices' training school and a school for artisans, the lodge at Belgrade furnished the funds for the school maintained by the women's lodge. After the war, the war orphans were cared for and, the Executive Committee having included 104 in its budget, they were distributed among various lodges. The lodges of Philippopolis, Adrianople, Damascus and of Cairo maintained orphanages and clinics for children.

The lodge at Roustchouc has a literary fund intended for the encouragement of poetry in the Spanish language. There is also evidence of great interest in modern Hebrew. For eight years, the Executive Committee has been subventing a kindergarten with 200 children and at the orphanage at Philippopolis, "Bet Machseh la Yeshomim," Hebrew is the language spoken by the children.

The Order has several times intervened as arbitrator in communal dissensions; as in 1913 during the misunderstanding between the Zionists and the Hilfsverein. In 1918, when the Jews in Turkey were without leadership, the Grand Lodge created a special Jewish council in accordance with the administrative council (the Midjlis Djismani) and convoked a congress for the revision of the statutes. The Jews of Greece followed this example, under the direction of the lodge at Salonica.

The lodge at Salonica was obliged to intervene in the matter of the Sunday closing law which was aimed against the Jews and it was also called upon to prevent the anticipated trouble on account of the ritual murder libel.

Translated from "Hamenorah" official organ of B'nai B'rith, Dist. XI of the Orient.

News of the Lodges

RABBI BENJAMIN B. GOLDSTEIN is the head of the new "B. B. Hillel Foundation at the University of California. He is a native of Sacramento and is a graduate of the Jewish Institute of Religion, New York City. After graduation he spent a year as Assistant Director of the Hillel Foundation of the University of Illinois, under Rabbi Benjamin M. Frankel, the National Director of the Hillel Foundations.

There are approximately five hundred Jewish students at the University of California. The Hillel Foundation is located in a rented house at 2600 Bancroft Way. Three hundred students attended the opening of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation. A reception and dance were given by the California Alliance of Jewish Women and the Hillel Foundation at the Y. W. C. A. Cottage. Within a few days after the opening, two hundred students were enrolled. Committees were formed for the various activities. There is a Menorah Committee that will carry on cultural work and a Social Welfare committee that will have charge of such matters as employment and housing; a religious education committee that will provide religious services for the students and committees on publicity, publication, open forum, dramatics, and social activities. The chairmen of these committees, with the officers of the Foundation, make up a student council of 22 members that will supervise the activities of the institution.

Miss Frances Lewenthal, a former student of the University of Illinois, is serving the Berkeley Foundation as Assistant Director. Officers of the Berkeley branch of the Foundation are Wendell Phillips, President; Miss Rosetta Kahn, vice-president; Miss Gertrude Heskins, secretary; and Robert Rothschild, treasurer.

SAM SCHLOSS LODGE of Memphis, Tennessee, issued a gorgeous little book containing a program for the entire year. A number of prominent speakers are scheduled to address the meetings. In addition to that a special arrangement is made for discussion of Jewish current events at each business meeting of the Lodge. Last year Memphis lodge led in new membership over any other lodge in the Seventh District. Houston says it will be first for the year 1927-28. The challenge was accepted by Memphis.

THE Seattle Lodge initiated 83 new members at its meeting on September 1st.

* * *

THE San Francisco Woman's Auxiliary No. 3, I. O. B. B. is instituting a membership drive. They appeal to the men of San Francisco Lodges to try to persuade the ladies of their families and those of their friends, to become members of the Auxiliary.

* * *

THE membership committee of San Francisco Lodge No. 21 has initiated a "Letter Box" Contest. It invites the members to write letters on the following subjects:

1. B'nai B'rith Value as Unifying Force in Israel.
2. My Conception of the B'nai B'rith.
3. Why Every Israelite should Affiliate with the B'nai B'rith.
4. My Conception of the Duties and Responsibilities of B'nai B'rith Membership.

Prizes will be awarded to those who present the subject most successfully. The judges of the contest are Brothers Lucius L. Solomons, Richard E. Gutstadt, and Harry K. Wolf.

* * *

ONE of the most enthusiastic B'nai B'rith rallies in years occurred at the Covenant Club in Chicago. Fifty of the leading officers of the Grand Lodge and local lodges were greeted by Brother Robert C. Lappen of Des Moines, newly elected President of the District. A plan for obtaining five thousand additional members in Chicago was launched.

* * *

A MEETING of representatives of lodges in Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming convened in Colorado Springs on September 4th. The principal speakers of this Convention were Benjamin F. Koperlick and Rabbi Bergman.

The fifth session of Camp Neskowin has been successfully completed. Efforts are being made to acquire the present site as a permanent location for the camp.

* * *

WASHINGTON PARK CHAPTER NO. 64, Aleph Zadik Aleph, was formally instituted September 7th at the State-Lake Building. This is the fifth Chapter in the City of Chicago. The following officers were elected: Aleph Godol, Theodore A. Perlmutter,

Aleph S'gan, Max A. Holub; Aleph Mazkir, Ephraim Goldstein; Aleph Gisbor, Jack Landes; Aleph Shotare Godol, Jack Karlin; Aleph Shotare Kotone, Gus Fein; Aleph Sopher, Thomas B. Osker; Aleph Kohen Godol, Charles Leventhal.

* * *

PITTSBURGH LODGE NO. 44 announces its opening meeting will inaugurate an Open Forum, which will discuss Jewish problems of wide and popular interest.

* * *

DAVID LUBIN LODGE of Sacramento, California, has appointed what is known as a Welcome Committee for the purpose of welcoming new arrivals into the fold of Sacramento Jewry. Brother J. Goldhamer is the originator of this idea of formally welcoming the Jews to Sacramento. Its effect serves a two-fold purpose. First, it benefits a newcomer by immediately bringing him into contact with local Jews and Jewish institutions and secondly, it materially affects the Jewish life of the city as each and every Jewish resident will aid in local activities.

* * *

AN INTERESTING survey of the thought, affiliations and purposes of Jewish students at the typical American university, is presented by the answers to a questionnaire submitted by the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation of the University of Michigan to the Jewish students of that institution.

It was found that of those who answered the questionnaire only ten per cent were without religious training. The remainder had attended congregational Sunday schools or Talmud Torahs. The parents of forty-four per cent belong to Reform congregations, thirty-six per cent to Orthodox, thirteen per cent to Conservative and seven per cent to no congregation.

It was seen further that seventy per cent discuss Jewish affairs in their daily life, and this is thought to be the result of stimulation by the Hillel Foundation.

* * *

THE beginning of B. B. Hillel Foundation activities at Ann Arbor were marked by a great show of enthusiasm. Some 200 students of the University of Michigan attended the first services held by the Foundation this year. Mr. David Brown was the first speaker of the year.

And a New Culture Is in the Making

How Palestinian Immigrants Are Developing the Renewed Structure of Jewish National Refinement

By Dr. Kurt Grunwald



CULTURE is the conscious creation of a people, notwithstanding the numerous treatises and dissertations that attempt to prove other theories of its origin. Life is stronger than theory, and the cultural desires of an awakening nation, more creative than all definitions. One who has not been convinced of this truth by the events of the last century may go to Palestine to witness the very definite efforts of the people there to bring a Jewish culture into existence.

The culture of Palestine is still in a germinal state. But in the every-day life, among all classes of people, one may discern the cultural purpose that inspires the work of rehabilitating the Holy Land. It is seen in various educational and artistic enterprises, either individual or organizational, which, in the aggregate, offer a panorama of the real Palestine of today.

The *Gedud Magineh Hassafa*, a league for the advancement of Hebrew, has its headquarters in Tel-Aviv. Young men and women comprise the membership of this militant society. During the day they sit behind ledgers, typewriters and counters. In the evening they set out to do battle with the languages of the "Exile." They go into the homes of persons who are unable to afford a teacher, and give instruction in Hebrew to groups of four or six. No pay is accepted. "*Ivri*" *daber Ivrit*—, "Hebrew, speak Hebrew!" This is their battle-cry. You find it in the bus which brings you to Jaffa; you find it in every shop.

"Vanguards of the language"—does that not call to mind the societies for the purification of speech that are known in the history of German literature, the *Pegnitzschaefer* and all the others? Should the fundamental law of biogenesis hold good also for the history of culture, for the history of nations?

When Workers Play

It is now about a year since a gifted young theatrical producer came to Palestine from Russia. He was a bundle of energy and will-power. He created within the workers' organization a

school for actors. Throughout the country a call went forth for pupils. Persons who passed the entrance examinations were given employment in Tel-Aviv to enable them to earn their living while studying. Then the work began. During the day the pupils labored at their trades, and in the evening and on the Sabbath they attended classes. Here was a school that probably had no counterpart anywhere else in the world.

About five months ago the student actors came before the public, under the name of *Ohel* (Tent). Their program consisted of two series of one-act plays by the Jewish poet, Perez—monologues and dialogues with little or no plot and which, in the reading, appear to offer little opportunity for histrionic display. All the more surprising, therefore, was the production. Expressionism was carried to the "nth" degree. It was life itself. Every gesture, every position, executed with marionette-like precision, was unmistakably the work of the producer and teacher. But at the same time, the actors literally lived their roles. This was not exactly a theatrical production. Rather, we were permitted to witness emanations of the finest longings that have slumbered for years within the emotional depths of the Jewish soul. Seldom has a teacher thus succeeded in releasing the inner lives of his disciples.

You leave the theatre bewildered. Your intellect, accustomed to the cultivated art of the *Burgtheater*, protests with all its strength and yet, your emotions are intrigued by this revolution on the stage, by this fiery vision. And you do not know where you have been—was it cabaret—or worship.

It is only a few months since the arrival also of a young Viennese conductor. And already the orchestra and the choir of the *Beth-Am* of the people's educational institute in Tel-Aviv, give remarkable performances. Behind the instruments are workmen; in the choir, workmen; the audience, workmen. It is a rare picture; the "auditorium," under the open heavens, is filled to overflowing; on-lookers are seated on the wooden fence, on the flat roofs of

neighboring houses. The thousands listen breathlessly to the compositions of Schubert, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. And everything is bathed in the fairy-splendor of the Palestinian moon.

You see it and your soul begins to sing. Is it only the echo of Schubert's B Major Symphony, or Beethoven's Psalm? Or is it the song of a free people on a free soil?

Physician Now Composer

There was a physician in Jerusalem. He still lives in Jerusalem but he no longer practices medicine. He now is a singing teacher at the Gymnasium. He has the peculiar habit of composing. And not satisfied with that, he even composes in quarter-tones. Thus he covers page after page with symphonies, cantatas and oratorios—line after line, written from *right to left*. A whim; national chauvinism? No, it is only that Hebrew has become second nature to him. And so his way of writing is just as original as his art. It is a recognized form among his followers and even the good Christian and thoroughly Aryan official of the German Consulate, an enthusiastic admirer of the quarter-tone master, takes no offense, on chamber-music evenings, when the notes read from right to left.

No one can gainsay that these cases of cultural endeavor taken at random are but the continuance of the intellectual treasures of other nationalities. It is undoubtedly true that they do not represent original creative effort. An historical development can not be annulled, for every person coming to Palestine brings, as building material for the new structure of a national culture, the refinements of the country of his origin. The spirit of Hebrew converges these various national tendencies into a single channel from which some day will flow the new culture. And as "all things live and work, and ever blending, weave one vast whole from Being's ample range," so may the desire for culture which is a part of Jewish nationalism, bring into existence something of the super-nationalism of the prophets.

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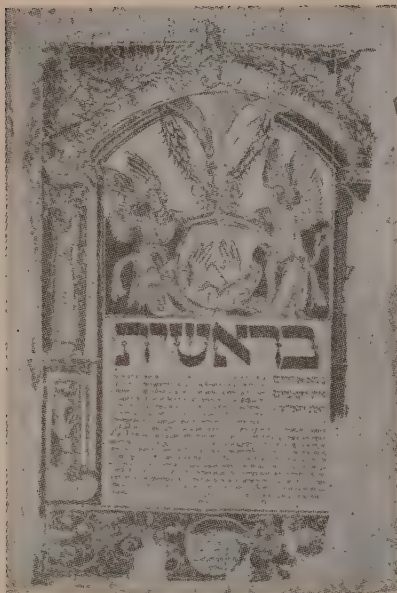


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Across the Seas



One of the rare specimens of prints of the Prag Jewish Community Library reproduced for the first time in the book "The Jews in Prag" published by Praga Lodge on its 25th anniversary.

WITH sorrow and grief Montefiore Lodge No. 752 reports the great loss suffered by the Lodge and Order in the death of Brother Max Stein, who for many years was president of Montefiore Lodge.

* * *

TWO large graphic charts representing the growth of the B'nai B'rith Order and its geographical distribution have been prepared for the exposition in Dusseldorf.

* * *

THE defeat of Austrian Jewry at the last elections for Parliament because of party conflicts, an unseemly strife of the various elements of the Jewish population over every question of Jewish import, impelled Dr. Edmund Kahn, president of the Austrian B'nai B'rith District, to make an effort to seek a modus through which the Jewish community should act co-operatively, in all matters of immediate concern to the Jewish population of Austria.

At a conference of the Presidiums of the Jewish Nationalist Party and the "Union of German-Austrian Jews," Dr. Kahn and Chief-Rabbi Chaies developed a program for such co-operative effort.

IN VIEW of the constant growth and development of the program of the B'nai B'rith throughout the world, the question arises in Germany as to whether the word "Benevolence" of our motto "Harmony, Benevolence and Brotherly Love" expresses the same meaning when translated into German as "Wohltatigkeit." Therefore, suggestions are made to change the word "Wohltatigkeit" to some other term that would correspond to the deeper meaning of the word as it is in English. For, in this case, "Wohltatigkeit" refers primarily to philanthropy while the modern tendency in the Order is toward education and social service in a larger sense.

This subject was presented by Alfred Goldsmith at a special meeting of District Grand Lodge No. 8 in Germany.

* * *

THE official publication of District No. 8 of the German I. O. B. B. lodges, for September, carries a special four-page supplement dedicated to the visit of President Alfred M. Cohen abroad. It gives a glowing account of the receptions and meetings arranged in Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Nurnberg, Munchen, Heidelberg, Dusseldorf and last but not least, Frankfurt am Main.

* * *

THE General Assembly of the Lodges of District Grand Lodge No. 11 took place early in September at Constantinople. Among the important matters brought up before this Assembly was the question of the proposed plan of an organization of a separate District Grand Lodge in Bulgaria. The problem of training rabbis and teachers and the means to be obtained for the future maintenance of Jewish schools received major consideration.

* * *

BROTHER JAMES BIEBER-KRAUT of Munchen Lodge presented a resolution referring to the activities of the Order toward promotion of art. This resolution provides:

1. Sub-vention to musicians, artists and writers,
2. that the lodges should sponsor the exhibition of art productions and stimulate travelling exhibits.

For the purposes above stated, the members should be taxed twenty marks a year.

AN exquisite, fine, Jewish art calendar has been issued by Brothers S. Muller of Heidelberg and Professor Eisler of Vienna.

A special Jewish children's calendar has been also issued containing pedagogical material. These calendars are to be placed at the disposition of the Lodges of the District.

* * *

A BOOK plate by artist Sternfeld will be used in the library of Vienna Lodge, Vienna. It carries the likeness of Dr. Wilhelm Knochmacher, who for many years has been head of the Committee of the Library.

* * *

THE members of the two B'nai B'rith Lodges in The Netherlands, Hollandia of The Hague and Hillel of Amsterdam, have, in co-operation with the Jewish Women's Council of Amsterdam, organized a society for the erection of special homes for aged, lonely men and women who would appreciate a cultural atmosphere.

The first house, Beth Sholom of Amsterdam, will be ready to open its doors within seven or eight months with provision for about forty people. A nominal rental will be charged the inhabitants.

* * *

MR. I. COVITT, resident of Shanghai, China, and representative of the Standard Oil Co., has initiated a movement for the establishment of a B'nai B'rith Lodge in China. His proposition is meeting with enthusiastic response on the part of the elder settlers.

Mr. N. E. B. Ezra, editor of the Israel's Messenger, is heartily co-operating in the undertaking.

* * *

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE NO. 14, functioning in Palestine, announces an intensive program for the coming year. The general committee comprises the following members: Dr. David Yellin, President; M. Dizengof, Vice-President; I. Press, Mr. Hasimshoni, Mr. I. Braude, Dr. Y. Yunovitz and Mr. Avinoam Yellin.

A special bulletin will be published by this Grand Lodge. New lodges are in process of organization at Petah-Tikva and Rishon-le-Zion. The lodges of Tel-Aviv and Jaffa are arranging a meeting of B'nai B'rith Lodges outside of Palestine to be held in Palestine next Passover. A conference to discuss the proposition will be held during Sukkos.



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grip, quick-release non-skid gives lightning "get-away"—no slipping or sliding. All rubber used is specially tempered by an *exclusive* Dayton process and will survive the drubbing punishment of extra thousands of miles of ruts and roads.

These are advantages you should look for when you install new tires on your car. So, before you buy any tires, go to the Dayton dealer near you. Learn from him the many special and exclusive features of the amazing Dayton *Stabilized Balloon* which have won for it the whole-hearted endorsement of scores of thousands of experienced motorists.

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Why the Jew Laughs

Adopted and Retold by
S. Ben Menahem

Impossible

A VISITOR from a distant city called on the late Dr. Nathan Adler, chief Rabbi of Great Britain, and talked continuously throughout the evening. Whenever the rabbi wished to say something the stranger would immediately interrupt him. Finally the visitor told Dr. Adler that he had heard something unusually interesting from a well-known rabbi.

"That is not true," said Dr. Adler angrily.

"Rabbi," said the surprised stranger, "how do you know that it's not true when you haven't as yet heard what I was going to tell you?"

"It is not true," insisted Dr. Adler, "for how can you possibly hear anything from anybody when you give no one a chance to say a word in your presence?"

* * *

A Genuine Freethinker

IT IS an old custom among orthodox Jews to hang up in the bedroom of a newly born babe, printed cards containing verses from Psalms and other mystical prayers. This custom is intended to drive away evil spirits who, in the belief of the pious, are particularly plotting against mothers during childbirth.

It happened in New York City that the wife of a Jewish freethinker gave birth to a baby, and a visitor jestingly remarked to the father that there ought to be prayers on the wall of the mother's bedroom. The excited father forgot all about his liberal ideas and ran out immediately to a bookstore to obtain the prayers. It was Sabbath afternoon and the bookstore was closed. The freethinker therefore rushed into the bookseller's home, which was directly over his place of business, and urged him to sell the prayers for childbirth.

"I can't sell you anything now; it's shabbos," said the bookseller.

"Look here, now," said the freethinker excitedly, "do you mean to say that on account of your silly and superstitious Sabbath, my wife should be without the necessary prayers?"

A LAUGH a day keeps the worries away.

Beginning with this number, S. Ben Menahem will contribute regularly to the Humoresque page selected stories from his book on humor which is at present in preparation for the press.

This should not in any way lessen the efforts of our many friends who have been generous in sending in their stories and incidents causing our readers to smile and enjoy a good laugh.

Remember that each successful contribution published is rewarded with a book.

This month, books will be awarded to: Rachel Miller, 11722 Kinsman Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; David Shulman, 40 McKibben St., Brooklyn, New York; David Himelmann, 972 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Deep Sarcasm

AN OLD lady had approached Mot-tel, the schnorrer (beggar) and handed him a coin saying, "Here's a kopek, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute?"

"I was like you, madam," he replied, "always giving large sums to the poor and needy." * * *

She Has Sympathy

A YOUNG lady was speaking to her cook. "You know," she said, "my husband complains about the food. Either the soup is too salty or it lacks salt. The meat is either too tough or too tender. Nothing seems to be just what he wants."

The cook, in reply said, "I'm sorry madam that you have such a husband."

He Is Particular

THE rather particular customer came into the East Side restaurant. He took considerable time in selecting his choice of foods. Incidentally he seemed to be somewhat annoyed by the surroundings. At last he gave his order.

"Please give me noodle soup," he said. "I want the noodles and the soup separate. You can serve the flies separately, too. If I want them I will put them in the soup myself."

Accepts a Suggestion

A POOR, religious Jewish man was walking along the street on Saturday wondering what he would eat the next day inasmuch as he had no money. Something in the gutter happened to catch his eye. On looking closer he saw it was a ten dollar bill. He was puzzled as to what to do. He needed the money but it was Saturday and he must not handle money. He could not come back later for the money because someone would pick it up by then.

A dog passing by started to bark "Hibuf, Hibuf."

"The dog said I should pick it up so I suppose I will," said the old man to himself. He picked up the money but was puzzled again. Suppose he was found holding it on Saturday?

A parade went down the street just then, and the beating of the drums came to the man's ear "To the bank, To the bank" it seemed to say.

"All right with me," said the man. "I will take it to the bank."

On the way to the bank he was held up by robbers. He did not know whether he should give them the money or not. The church bells started to ring forth their melancholy notes "Delang, Delang."

"Well, the bells say I should give the money to them," said the man to himself. So he gave the robbers the money and walked off satisfied.

* * *

Observing Neighbor

THE two neighbors, as usual, were engrossed in conversation when one said to the other, "We never quarrel in front of the children. We always are very careful and send them outdoors."

"No wonder they look so lovely," replied the neighbor, "I always see them outdoors."





The beautiful residence of Moïse Levy, New Orleans, La., Oil-O-Matically heated.

Moïse Levy—and 50,000 others

enjoy Oil-O-Matic heat—many for as long as eight years. Write today for the facts

THE first Oil-O-Matic installed eight years ago is still in active operation. More highly prized than ever. And because it was right from the start, more homeowners enjoy Oil-O-Matic Heat today than any other form of oil heat.

For the past three years more homeowners have selected it than any other two oil burners combined.

With Oil-O-Matic you can use any house heating oil that is cheapest at the moment. And no adjustment of the burner is necessary. Fuel economy and low maintenance have always made Oil-O-Matic the lowest cost oil burner on the market.

This wide choice of oil fuels, assures you of a never-failing supply. There is an abundance of Fuel Oil—lower in price and richer in heat units than the lighter oils to which most burners are restricted.

You are assured of dependable, uniform heat by having graduates of the famous Williams Institute of Heat Re-

search study your particular heating problem. Your local oilomatician is a graduate of this Institute. Before recommending Oil-O-Matic Heat he makes a thorough survey of your heating plant.

Not only in the homes of some of the most widely known men, but in churches, schools, apartments, hospitals, theatres, etc., Oil-O-Matic has been rendering perfect service over a long period of years.

Because no part goes inside the firebox, it can be easily connected to any type of good heating plant. In any size home. From the moment you have yours installed, you will enjoy a degree of comfort, convenience and cleanliness that surpasses anything you have ever known.

Get in touch today with your local oilomatician. Or write now for a copy of "Oil Heating at its best," that describes all the advantages that have led more people to select Oil-O-Matic than any other oil burner. Coupon at right is for your convenience.



Oil-O-Matic makes your heating plant take care of itself. It supplies heat only when needed—but always then.

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A. H. Heckscher (5 burners)
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Jacob Horowitz
R. Pulitzer
A. E. Rosenthal
O. F. Zinn
A. R. Glancy (3 burners)
John Phillip Sousa
Pierre du Pont (53 burners)
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For sale in the familiar N.B.C. Uneeda Trade Mark packages at your Grocers.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

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A New and Easy Way to Make *Delicious Mayonnaise!*

HERE is real news!—a new method of preparing quickly a rich and delicious Mayonnaise. This wonderful Salad Dressing takes less time to make than to read about it. And perfect results are absolutely certain if the recipe is carefully followed.

Naturally, thoughtful women consider economy as well as excellence.

As you read the recipe, "check" the cost of each ingredient as listed—the total is less than 20 cents! About $\frac{1}{3}$ the price of manufactured Mayonnaise—yet exceptionally delicious because it's **FRESHLY** made at home. You can be *certain* of its purity and wholesomeness.

SALADS made Mazola famous for purity, quality and economy and this wonderful new Mayonnaise again proves the excellence of this perfect oil for salads.

THIS MAKES A POUND OF MAYONNAISE FOR LESS THAN 20 CENTS

1 egg	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Mazola
2 teaspoons dry mustard	1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch	

(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but **DO NOT STIR**. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, add additional $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

HERE IS THE AVERAGE COST OF INGREDIENTS

1	Egg	\$.0416
2 tablespoons	Sugar	.0075
$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons	Salt	.0023
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon	Paprika	.0063
2 teaspoons	Mustard	.0118
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup	Vinegar	.0075
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup	MAZOLA	.1087
4 tablespoons	ARGO CORNSTARCH	.0062

TOTAL COST, \$.1919





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In addition to the above sets, two attractive individual Masterworks records are released: the first, 67335-D, Parts 1 and 2 of L'Apprenti Sorcier, by Dukas, the modern French composer; the second, 67336-D, Part 3 of L'Apprenti Sorcier and Mozart's Overture to his gay opera, "Marriage of Figaro"; these are recorded by the Societé des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris (Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory), under the direction of Philippe Gaubert.

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Mozart: Marriage of Figaro: Overture. By Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory.

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